Jester's Picnic.

Coming along the street the other morning, we overheard the following conversation, which is as clear as mud:

"Julius, is you better dis mornin'?"

"No, I was better yesterday, but I'se got ober dat."

"Am dere no hopes, den, ob your discovery?"

"Discovery ob what?"

"Your discovery from the convalescence which am fotching you on yer back."

"Dat depends, Mr. Snow, altogedder on de prognostication, which amplify de disease. Should dey continuate fatually, de doctor tinks I'se a gone nigger; should dey not continuate fatually, he hopes dis culled indiwidooal wont die till anodder time. As I said before, it all depends on de progexnostics, and till dese come to a head, dere am no telling wedder dis nigger will come to a discontinuation or not."

A thriving trader in Wisconsin, claiming the paternity of eleven daughters, greatly to the astonishment of his neighbors, succeeded in marrying them all off in six months. A neighbor of his, who had likewise several single daughters, called upon him to obtain the secret of his husband making success, when the latter informed him that he made it a rule, after a young man had paid his attention to one of his girls a fortnight, to call upon him with a revolver, and request him to choose between death and matrimony! "You can imagine," continued he, "which of the two they preferred."

Curiosities.—Rafters that were supported by the beams of the moon.

Nails from the claws of a hammer.

A bird's-eye view from the top of the morning.

A receipt in full of the dews of eve.

A leg of a toad stool.

A pig from the pen that was mightier than the sword.

A map of the state of matrimony.

Knots from the board of foreign missions.

A bill drawn on the banks of the Shannon.

"I engaged," says a traveller, "a chaise at Galway to conduct me some few miles into the country, and had not proceeded far when it pulled up at the foot of a hill, and the driver coming to the door, opened it.

"What are you at, man? this aint where I ordered you to stop," said I.

"Whist, your honor, whist!" ejaculated Paddy. "I'm only desaving the baste. I'll bang the door, he'll think you're out, and cut up the hill like a hound."

At the Belleville Theatre, the opera of "La Gazza Ladra," was being performed, when, in one of the most pathetic scenes, some one threw on the stage a large head of a goose, which threw the audience into loud laughter. Upon silence being restored, the actor Cotru advanced to the front of the stage and said:

"Gentlemen, if any one amongst you has lost his head, do not be uneasy at its loss, for I will restore it to you on the conclusion of the performances."

An insane author, once placed in confinement, employed most of his time in writing. One night, being thus engaged by aid of a bright moon, a slight cloud passed over the luminary, when, in an imperious manner, he called out:

"Arise, Jupiter, and snuff the moon!" The cloud became thicker, and he exclaimed: "The stupid! he has snuffed it out!"

A maiden lady, not remarkable for either youth, beauty, or good temper, came for advice to Mr. Arnold as to how she could get rid of a troublesome suitor.

"O, Mary, marry him," was the advice.

"Nay, I would see him hanged first."

"No, madam, marry him, as I said to you, and I'll assure you it will not be long before he hangs himself."

A servant girl fell against a hot stove in such a manner as to brand upon her arm the date which happened to be on the stove—1809. A surgeon was sent for, who, however, happened to be absent, and in his place an assistant came; but when he saw the date he shook his head, and said to himself: "There is no longer any help for this; it is too old an injury."

A Punster's Philosopheme.—Betty left her place because she was scolded for not getting the breakfast ready. It was all through the bad tint, steel and tinder. She then drowned herself, because her beau's passion left him exactly at the time she left her kitchen cupboard. She was bothered by the fire, drowned by the water, and all for want of a *spark*.

An Illinois lawyer, defining a thief, wound up his speech to the jury in behalf of his injured client with the following rousing appeal:

"True he was rude—so air our bears. True he was rough—so air our buffalers. But he was a child of freedom, and his answer to the despot and tyrant was, that his home was on the bright setting of the sun!"

A boy who had stolen some apples was forgiven, for the rather ingenious manner in which he excused himself. The schoolmaster, asking him what he had to say for himself, the urchin replied:

"The apples were Tom's, I don't know how *he* got them; and now they're mine, and he don't know how *I* got them."

The old story of the man who listened to a very pathetic discourse from a strange pulpit one day, but was the only person in the house unaffected, is put to many things of these times. Upon being inquired of by some one how he could refrain, he answered with a characteristic aridity, "O, sir, *I belong to another church.*"

A clergyman in an English county lately concluded his sermon with the following words:

"Brethren, next Friday is my tithe day, and those who bring their tithes, which are due to me, shall be rewarded with a good dinner; but those who do not may depend that on Saturday they will dine on a lawyer's letter."

Weber was once invited to dine with Mr. L., the music seller, whose residence and establishment are of a very handsome description. On entering the noble drawing-room, the quiet German opened his eyes, and looking round, said softly, as if to himself: "I see it is better to sell music than to write it."

The motto which was inserted under the arms of William Prince of Orange, on his accession to the English crown, was "*non rapui, sed recepi.*" (I did not steal it, but I received it.) This being shown to Dean Swift, he said, with a sarcastic smile: "The receiver is as bad as the thief."

Some butchers having intimated to a friend that they were about to form an association, confined to members of their trade, but were at a loss for a name, he advised them to call it the *joint* stock company.

A kitchen *maid* is often *made*
  To burn her face, or broil it;
A lady will do little else
  Than *toil-it* at her *toilet*.

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THE TIGER HUNTER:

—OR,—

THE WARRIOR PRIEST OF MEXICO.

A Story of Military Adventure.

BY LAWRENCE G. SPENCER.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XII.

THE COMBAT. THE TRAITOR'S REWARD.

While escaping from the double danger of shipwreck on the island of La Roqueta, or of falling into the enemy's hands, the Spanish brig bore Don Rafael to the province of Oajaca where we shall meet him again, the breeze brought the noise of an incessant cannonade mingled with the howling of the tempest. These detonations seemed to come from the fortress of Acapulco. Groups of insurgents gathered on the beach, vainly attemping to fathom the cause. We can explain it in a few words.

The vedettes posted on the shore by order of Morelos, after the departure of the mariscal Galeana and his whaleboats, had perceived the signal-rockets fired by Don Hermengildo to announce the capture of the island of La Roqueta, although, it will be remembered, it was not then quite conquered. According to the agreement between the general-in-chief and the mariscal, Morelos had directed such an impetuous attack against Acapulco, that it had been carried almost without a blow. Although the fortress still held out, the possession of the island of Roqueta increased the chances of its reduction. From the island it was possible to intercept vessels laden with provisions for the fort.

Master of Acapulco, Morelos, full of gratitude for his victory, resolved to celebrate a solemn mass and to officiate at the altar himself. The fort poured a storm of shot on the city and the cathedral itself, and there, under the arches of the temple, by one of those singularities of the war of independence, whose first generals were priests, Morelos had laid aside the uniform to assume the sacred vestments.

The insurgents' batteries replied to the fire of the citadel, and it was in the midst of the terrific crash of artillery, that Morelos, once more a priest, performed his religious duties. The cause of the firing had not escaped the notice of Galeana.

"Children," said he, approaching the groups of men upon the shore, "we are masters of the island. Our beloved general knew it by our signals, and, in his turn, has attacked Acapulco. In two hours, the city will be taken, if it is not already. His guns are chanting the *Te Deum*. Long live Morelos!"

"Long live Morelos!" shouted the insurgents, all together.

"Senor Lantegas," said Costal, rubbing his hands, "have I not made a long step towards the traitor Gago?"

One of the schooner's boats and those which had brought the Spaniards to the island, more than supplied the place of the lost whaleboats. At the end of the second day, the storm had ceased, and the sea had resumed its habitual calm. These boats then served to establish communications between the camp of Morelos and La Roqueta, and to forward to the general-in-chief, under a good escort furnished by him, those of the prisoners who refused to embrace the Mexican cause; which included the greater part of them. The island was garrisoned by its captors.

Among the Europeans who had swelled the ranks of the insurgents, there was one easily recognized as a Galician by his rough mountain accent. Consequently he was a countryman of Pepe Gago, whom he knew very well from having served with him in the citadel of Acapulco. Costal soon drew from him many particulars with regard to the treacherous artillery sergeant, which he hoped to profit by hereafter.

This was not the only service the Indian expected from the new recruits. He hoped to make use of the knowledge he supposed they possessed of the Spanish signals concerted with the vessels employed in victualling the fort, so as to decoy at least one or two of them to the island, and capture them.

Three days after the capture of the island, Costal was the first to signal a sail bound from San Blas to Acapulco. As this could only be a Spanish vessel, they hastened to hoist a Spanish flag on the island fort, and the vessel in sight soon showed the same colors. Joyfully did the garrison see the brig near them, and in one of her manœuvres, they made out her name in large white letters on her stern. It was the San Carlos, and the Spanish recruits recognized her as one of the vessels anxiously expected at the fortress, bringing provisions and ammunition. The insurgents had plenty of the latter but ran short of the former.

The vessel approached without any apparent distrust, but the captain was an old sailor who knew that the fortune of war was variable, and that if posts cannot change their position, they often change masters. Therefore, while the garrison of the island were congratulating themselves on a prize, the San Carlos suddenly rounded to, and hoisted a sky blue flag with three gold stars beside the Spanish ensign. That done, she seemed to wait a corresponding signal from the island.

The brig's mysterious signal was Greek to the insurgents, and unluckily the new soldiers were as much mystified as themselves. Their only resource was to hoist a second Spanish flag beside the first; if they had ten, they would have given them all to the breeze, so anxious were they to prove that they were really Spaniards. But they had only two. By dint of rummaging, however, they found in a corner of the fort, a rag of red bunting with a piece of what had once been a golden sun, and which answered marvellously to the stars of the San Carlos.

Before risking a chance answer, Galeana thought it prudent to send the Galician we have spoken of to the beach. The man obeyed, and, making a speaking trumpet of his closed hand, shouted with all the energy of his mountain tongue:

"The commandant of the island informs the captain of the brig, that he would be happy to see him on shore to communicate an important message."

The captain of the brig showed himself on deck. He was a gray-headed mariner with a circumspect aspect. His speaking-trumpet growled back the following answer:

"I want two things to begin with; first, to have the commandant do me the honor to invite me himself; and, secondly, to have him answer my signal otherwise than by hoisting another national flag."

The Galician passed his hands through his thick hair, in search of an idea.

"Senor Capitan," said he, "in times of trouble, we can't be too patriotic."

"That's true," replied the captain.

"Our commandant would be most happy to welcome you himself," continued the Galician, "but he is just getting over a severe sickness, and his physician has forbidden his indulging in the sun and air. As for the signal, during the last storm, the lightning struck the chest where we kept our flags, and we have only the fragments of one left."

"Give my respects to the commandant," replied the captain, in a mocking tone, "and tell him if he has any commissions for Don Pedro Velez, I will take charge of them."

"Wait a bit, our remaining flag is a good one, and as soon as you see it, all misunderstanding will cease. We must try it on," he added, in a low tone, addressing his companions.

As he finished his answer, with perfect assurance the Galician loudly ordered the flag of the golden sun to be hoisted, and a few seconds afterwards the mutilated bunting was floating beside the two Spanish ensigns.

The captain of the San Carlos directed his glass to the rag of blue and yellow bunting which spread itself in the breeze, with all the pride of a Castilian beggar, and all awaited anxiously the result of the examination. The Galician was not mistaken in his belief that all the misunderstanding would vanish at the sight of his signal, for, as the stars disappear before the sun, the three-starred flag was speedily struck; then to prove that the captain no longer entertained a doubt, the brig yawed round and delivered a broadside, cutting the unfortunate Galician in two.

A unanimous cry of disappointment and vengeance hailed this brutal proceeding of the Spanish captain, while the voice of Galeana, rising above the tumult, commanded an instant attack.

Suiting the action to the word, Don Hermengildo sprang into one of the boats, and all were instantly filled with soldiers animated with the spirit of the famished huntsman who sees his game escaping. Costal, accompanied by his faithful black, had jumped into the mariscal's yawl. This was a long, light and narrow boat, whose speed and strength had not escaped the practised eye of the Indian; Lantegas vainly tried to get a place beside his usual companions, but the yawl was already full, and he had to get into one of the other boats.

This manœuvre occupied some little time, from the very precipitation of the men, so that the Spanish brig, her sails filled with a fair breeze, was already some distance off, when the signal for departure was given. It was not without a secret repugnance that Don Cornelio saw himself once more on the element which had nearly proved so fatal to him, and moreover a naval combat was entirely out of his line of experience. Still the general enthusiasm infected him, and he viewed, with some degree of pleasure, the spectacle presented by the little flotilla.

The sun, nearly at his decline, began to tinge with purple and gold the vast ocean over which flew, in generous rivalry, six boats laden with sixty men thirsting for vengeance. Before them the San Carlos, like a sea-bird, winged her rapid flight. The oblique rays of the sun were reflected in stripes of flame from her sides, while her masts were covered with a cloud of white canvass. She looked like a swan with red feet and snowy plumage, cleaving the waters of the lagoons. Shouts rose from the boats like those of hunters on the trail of the flying deer. The boats' keels, as they ploughed the sea, threw meshes of foam on its azure surface—the strife was to see which should be the first to reach the Spanish brig. Some bent their bayonets to transform them into grappling irons; others—Galeana's country people, who never parted from their lassos, whirled them over their heads, ready to launch them into the rigging and pull themselves on board.

Meanwhile, the distance which separated the insurgents from the San Carlos diminished by degrees. She had just fired a broadside on the boats; but her guns, worse aimed than at first, had only sent a shower of inoffensive balls, which hissing over the Mexican's heads, had been lost in the water. Obliged to present her side to discharge her artillery, this manœuvre by suspending her motion for some minutes, had enabled the boats to gain on her. Numberless hisses and jeers welcomed the useless fire of the brig.

The bastions of the fort were beginning to appear in the distance, when from the mariscal's boat, which was in advance of all the others, Costal uttered a cry and pointed out an unforeseen incident which was soon noticed by every one. While the San Carlos was doing her best to reach her goal as soon as possible, the heights of the castle were crowned with spectators; at a distance, the shore near Morelos's camp was also covered with soldiers, who wanting means of transport, could only wish good fortune to their comrades. Suddenly six Spanish boats swept round the point of the fort and pulled for the brig, with the view of assisting her.

It was the apparition of these hostile boats which prompted Costal's shout! Morelos's soldiers and those of the citadel had gathered to witness the approaching strife. At sight of the unexpected reinforcement received by the brig, all the Mexicans' boats, at the mariscal's signal, rallied to his yawl to receive orders. For light boats, without artillery, to attack an armed vessel under canvass, which might easily sink them, was one of the rashest enterprises. The auxiliaries who came to help the brig rendered the enterprise yet madder. Still they took counsel as rapidly as circumstances permitted.

"Captain Lantegas, what is your opinion?" asked the mariscal.

"If rashness often produces victory," replied the captain.

"Good! your advice is to attack; I know it," cried Galeana, interrupting Don Cornelio, who, not daring to contradict the mariscal, bowed affirmatively. "And you, Don Amador?" he asked, of a second officer.

"I am of opinion that the commonest prudence dictates a retreat."

Galeana frowned. "Your opinion, Captain Salas?" said he.

"Who talks of retreating?" cried Salas. "What will our general think, who doubtless wonders that we deliberate when brave men would only act? Let us attack."

Loud shouts welcomed this gallant speech.

"My opinion counts two," said the mariscal. "Let us attack them—we are four to six. Forward! and long live Morelos!"

The mariscal often cut short with as little ceremony these councils of war, and no one thought of protesting against his decision. Besides, the enemy's boats approached so rapidly, that their meeting at the brig rendered the combat inevitable, even supposing the Mexicans had entertained a thought of flying.

"Attention, gentlemen!" cried Galeana. "Lay your boats' bows on—and scatter. The brig is about to fire."

The San Carlos, in fact, again presented her side—a cloud of smoke burst from her ports, a loud explosion followed, and the shot hissed through the water. Suddenly Don Cornelio uttered a cry.

"You're wounded, Lantegas!" said Galeana.

Before Don Cornelio could reply, the mariscal saw that he was safe. A mutilated body sank beside him—it was Captain Salas, whose head had just been carried away by a shot. Don Cornelio was wiping off the blood that spirted over him.

"On!" shouted the mariscal, pointing to the San Carlos. "Avenge the gallant Salas!"

The yawl which bore the mariscal, the Indian and the negro, darted ahead of the other boats, in the midst of a universal cry of grief for an officer whose bravery had made him loved, and who was the first to suffer the penalty of the rashness he had counselled. The rowers bent to their oars, and the boats ranged on the same line, strove for the lead, as if engaged in a regatta.

Although Captain Lantegas was not a soldier at heart, still, as we have said, he was not insensible to the general enthusiasm. Animated by the idea that he was about to fight before the large and friendly crowd upon the shore, excited by the clanger of the horns and trumpets from the beach and fort, a noble emulation fired him, and, for the first and last time in his life, he conceived the keen and wild pleasure of the soldier who joys only in the heat of carnage. Amid these wild flourishes and warlike clamors, the Mexican boats bounded over the water. They were pursuing their rapid course, when they saw the Spanish boats range alongside the brig as if to protect her from the attack of her enemies.

Suddenly from the admiral's yawl (for so we may style the mariscal's boat), cries of "The man with the *bayeta!*" attracted the attention of Don Cornelio to the boat in which the man thus designated sat. The *bayeta* is an overcoat of coarse cloth like that worn by the Canadians in winter, furnished like that with a hood drawn over the face to protect it from the weather, or for purposes of concealment. The individual referred to was so completely shrouded by his coarse blue *bayeta*, that Lantegas could not discover his features.

The hooded combatant became the subject of the most absurd suppositions. Some asserted that the precaution he took to hide his face was a penance inflicted by his confessor; others maintained that he was a distinguished person of the court of Madrid, and some went so far as to suspect that he was the king of Spain himself.

Be this as it may, Galeana's yawl abruptly left the line to advance diagonally towards the boat in which the man in the *bayeta* appeared, as if in reality he was an enemy more important than the others. It was the signal for attack.

Wild blasts from the trumpets of the fort and shore saluted the red disk of the sun as it disappeared in the sea, when the waters suddenly assumed a livid hue. The crash of a sharp volley soon drowned the warlike music, and, under a canopy of white smoke, amidst the cries of the wounded, the boats dashed together, and a hand-to-hand fight ensued. The battle was short but furious.

For the first time the *costenos* used their lassos in a naval engagement, and, if the insurgents had had more of them, the advantage would have been on their side, for, ere Don Cornelio's boat had struck its adversary, three of the enemy had been lassoed and dragged into the water, at twenty paces' distance.

On both sides, each man, seizing his enemy, used only the steel, which did its work silently and terribly. All of a sudden, shouts from the crowd on the top of the fort, met by answering shouts from the soldiers of Morelos on the shore, proclaimed a new incident. Rage gave way to astonishment; as if by enchantment, the battle was suspended, the boats separated and receded. It was a tacit truce. Gasping with fatigue, the combatants rested, and, as well as the remaining daylight permitted, sought to investigate the subject of the shouts which had separated them.

Lying under the walls of the fortress, the Spanish brig, which had brought to, was hoisting out the last sack of flour with which she had furnished the besieged. While the insurgents were uselessly spilling their blood, and their enemies were fighting for the means of subsistence, the San Carlos had quickly and rapidly discharged her cargo, and the Mexicans had the mortification of seeing her make sail and disappear in the deepening gloom of evening.

Meanwhile, of the six boats which composed the flotilla, one alone had not ceased fighting—this was the mariscal's yawl. In this boat were Galeana and Costal. Slightly wounded in the head, Don Cornelio thought not of his hurt, and his eyes followed anxiously the mariscal's boat. It was not yet so dark but that he could see Galeana, Costal and the negro pursuing their enemy, who fled with the utmost speed. In him Lantegas recognized the hooded and mysterious combatant.

At the same moment the five Spanish boats, whose crews had attained the object they aimed at, the provisioning of the fort, also plied their oars to escape. Hoots and hisses accompanied the fugitives, and many wished to pursue them; but the death of Captain Salas left the command to Lantegas, in the absence of the mariscal, and he gave orders to pull to the assistance of the latter.

The ardor of the rowers to assist their general, promptly brought the boat to the yawl. Galeana had just reached and boarded the enemy's boat, and Don Cornelio was the witness of a brief and bloody struggle. Don Hermengildo, according to his wont, fought like a tiger, Costal grappled a moment with the mysterious unknown, and then the latter, escaping from the Indian's grasp, sprang into the sea and reached the shore. Costal was then seized by the oarsmen, but he escaped, bounded into the water and sped in pursuit of the man in the *bayeta*.

"Ah!" cried an insurgent. "The Indian is resolved to unmask the unknown."

"He would hold the king of Spain to ransom!" said another.

The Mexicans were only a short distance from Galeana, when they saw him leap with his people into the enemy's boat, and when they hailed him, the last Spaniard, stabbed to the heart, was falling into the sea. The mariscal rejoined his yawl, spurning the empty boat from him with his foot.

"Don Cornelio," said Galeana. "Look yonder. Costal is keen as a bloodhound on the trail."

As Galeana spoke, a confused sort of shadow was seen speeding up the beach and then another form, like another shadow, following close behind.

The insurgents pulled ashore. Late that night, as Lantegas was sitting in his tent, the canvass parted, and a figure entered. It was the Indian.

"Where have you been?" asked Don Cornelio.

"To the bridge of Hornos."

"For what purpose?"

"To hang a traitor on the signal-post."

"Who?"

"The man who hid his face in the fight to-day, as if ashamed to meet the eyes of honest men."

"The man in the *bayeta?*"

"The same."

"Who was he?"

"Pepe Gago—the Galician gunner. He prayed to die by Spanish steel—like a soldier. But steel is for brave men, not for traitors. I gave him a yard of hempen cord, and there he will swing till the vultures make an end of his vile carcass!"

CHAPTER XIII.

DUTY STRONGER THAN LOVE.

The occupation of the island of La Roqueta had produced the surrender of the fort of Acapulco, and Morelos, the ex-priest of Caracuaro, the victor in twenty-two battles, had subjected the whole southern part of the province of Mexico, from the Pacific ocean to within sixteen leagues of the capital of New Spain. While the Mexican warrior-priest is preparing to extend his conquests into the province of Oajaca, where we had a glimpse of him for the first time, we will precede him thither, and raise the curtain on other scenes of this life-drama which occurred in the same year—1812.

It was a sultry morning in the month of June; the rainy season had not yet commenced, and the sun was scorching the dusty plains of Huajapam. A belt of neighboring hills, whose azure was blended with the changeless blue of the Mexican sky, served as a frame to one of those pictures of desolation and mourning which the destructive genius of man sometimes delights to form with fiendish art. Far as the eye could reach, numerous horsemen were seen trampling the deserted plain in the midst of dwellings plundered, or still smoking from incendiary fires. Their horses, spurred to top speed through the fields, were ridden roughshod over rich harvests, that waited in vain for the hand of the terrified and flying reaper. The soil, trodden down in every direction, presented only a confused mass of broken and scattered stalks which the riders would have scorned to offer their horses for forage. Serried flocks of dark vultures, wheeling on all sides, indicated the places where car-

cases of men and horses were abandoned to their voracity.

On the other side of the plain, the Spanish flag floated over the tents of the royalist army, where the bivouac fires had just been extinguished, and the neighing of horses mingled with the deep roll of the drum or the sharp notes of the trumpet. Yet further on, beyond the Spanish camp, and within two gunshots of the exterior line of entrenchments, rose, above the low and flat houses of a small town, the domes and steeples of churches breached by shells. This town, or rather hamlet, was in the hands of the insurgents. Rude parapets of earth connected scattered houses, mostly crumbled by cannon-shot, and formed a line of incomplete defence opposite the camp of the royalists. Finally, the open space between the camp and town was strewn with carcases, nearly all of them mutilated.

Huajapam, that was the name of the town, had been defended for a hundred days by Colonel Don Valerio Trujano, with three hundred soldiers, against fifteen hundred men of a Spanish division commanded by brigadier-general Bonavia, governor of Oajaca, and the commandants Caldelas and Regulus. At a time when priests forsook the altar for the battle-field, when nothing in their actions or words recalled their former profession, Trujano was like one of the stern religious warriors of Cromwell—

> "A soldier of the Lord,
> With his Bible, and his sword."

Such was the picture presented by the plain of Huajapam on this summer morning; devastated fields, ruins, corpses, and the royal banner planted against the flag of insurrection.

Now, before penetrating the leaguered town, let us glance at the interior of the besiegers' camp. In the early part of the morning, two of the horsemen who were scouring the plain were escorting a man into camp on the opposite side to the town of Huajapam. This man, who was on horseback, wore the costume of a *vaquero* (cowkeeper), that is to say, a large *sombrero* covered with waxed cloth, a brick-colored vest, and breeches of deer-skin, a lasso at his saddle-bow, and long iron spurs. He said that he was the bearer of a message to Colonel Don Rafael Tres Villas. He was leading a handsome brown bay horse. Still terrified at the sight and smell of the bodies on that part of the plain he had just crossed, the horse, from time to time, snorted in a strange, hoarse manner.

The two horsemen in dragoon uniform and the vaquero traversed a portion of the camp and reined up before a large tent, near which one of the colonel's *assistentes*, or soldier-servants, had just finished grooming a horse quite as handsome and vigorous as the brown bay.

"What is your name, friend?" asked the assistente of the vaquero.

"Julian," replied the latter. "I am one of the servants of the hacienda del Valle, and I have an important message for the colonel, who is the owner."

"Good," replied the servant. "I'll let the colonel know."

They were preparing in camp for the fifteenth assault on the town defended by Colonel Trujano, and Don Rafael was finishing his toilet to appear in full uniform at the council of war which was to precede the attack, when his servant entered the tent.

On hearing of the message the colonel could not master a sudden thrill, nor check the mortal paleness which blanched his features.

"'Tis well," he said, in a voice which betrayed his emotion. "I know this man. I will be responsible for him. Wait a moment, and then show him in."

The servant retired to deliver the colonel's reply, and the dragoons who had escorted the man rode off and left him alone to wait the opportunity to deliver his message.

Let us make use of this momentary respite to tell what had befallen Don Rafael from the time of his departure from Oajaca. When the grief caused by his father's murder was somewhat assuaged, when the mortal anguish caused by his stern resolve had somewhat subsided, he decided to seek brigadier-general Don Bernardino Bonavia, the commandant of the province of Oajaca, to obtain from him a detachment to go in pursuit of his father's assassins. Unfortunately, notwithstanding his warm reception by the general, so great was the fermentation in the town of Oajaca, that the fifteen hundred men under his command were scarcely sufficient to control the populace. Don Rafael, consequently, could not induce Bonavia to weaken his slender forces.

Meanwhile, a Spanish captain, Don Juan Antonio Caldelas, fearing the dangers to which his countrymen were exposed, was busy in forming, at his own expense, at a small place near Oajaca, a *guerilla* (partisan band), in favor of the Spanish cause. Don Rafael, thirsting for vengeance, did not hesitate to join Captain Caldelas, who, on his part, was also preparing to march against Antonio Valdes.

Caldelas, unlike Don Rafael, had no motives of personal animosity against the guerillero, but he wished, by destroying his troops, to annihilate the spirit of revolt of which he was the disseminator and support. He very heartily placed the handful of men he had collected at the service of Don Rafael's vengeance. Both marched against the rebel, and found him on the crest of Chanahua, where the ex-vaquero had entrenched himself, and, notwithstanding the resistance they met, they succeeded in dislodging him, but were unable to seize on his person.

Fifteen days elapsed in vain pursuit, until after a fierce engagement, the routed followers of Valdes found him not at the place of rendezvous they had agreed upon beforehand in case of defeat. They heard no news of their chief who had mysteriously disappeared.

Valdes was flying, when he heard behind him the fiery and hoarse breathing of a horse pushed to the top of his speed. It was Rafael's brown bay, who reached the insurgent in a few more leaps. A short struggle ensued between the two horsemen, and, in spite of his equestrian skill, the vaquero, lifted from his saddle by a vigorous hand, was hurled so roughly to the ground, that he could not prevent the lasso of the captain who was as good a horseman, and as skillful as any of his father's huntsmen, from falling round him, catching him in its fatal loop, and dragging him behind the victor's charger.

At the end of a wild gallop of a few minutes, Valdes was dead, and his most devoted followers would never have recognized the disfigured features of their chief, if a stern hand had not written above his head, nailed to the portal of the hacienda del Valle, both the name of the bandit and that of the man who had hewn it from his shoulders.

Meanwhile, when the captain's fierce passions had been somewhat calmed by the death of one of his father's assassins, those softer sentiments which the thirst of vengeance had kept down, began to revive by degrees. Don Rafael felt the need of justifying his apparently inexplicable conduct, in the eyes of the residents of Las Palmas, but a just pride checked him. Was a son who had avenged his father, to excuse the accomplishment of a sacred duty? Must he ask pardon for enmity to a cause which could never enlist his sympathies?

The haughty silence of the captain seemed destined to ruin his hopes, and to render yet more impassable the barrier suddenly raised between his love and duty. The news of the death of Valdes, brought by a traveller as he passed the hacienda of Las Palmas, with the tenor of the inscription which revealed the author of the deed, came like a clap of thunder. Unluckily, this traveller was unable to inform his host of what he himself knew not—the murder of Don Luis Tres Villas, the cause of this bloody retaliation. From that moment, the residents of the hacienda looked on the captain only as a traitor, who, under the cloak of the purest patriotism, had concealed his ardent sympathy for the oppressors of the land of his birth.

Still Rosina's love had undertaken the defence which Don Rafael's pride disdained.

"Ah, father," said she, "Don Rafael will certainly send us a message explaining his conduct."

"And even if he should," Don Mariano would answer, "would he be any less a traitor to his country? No! he knows well that nothing can absolve him, and he dares not even ask pardon for his unworthy conduct."

The message, in truth, came not, and Rosina was forced to shed her tears in silence. But the bold challenge to the insurrection which Rafael's hand had inscribed on the gate of the del Valle manor, had something too chivalric in it, to plead the cause of the absentee in vain. For one moment that cause was gained, when they learned that the head of the insurgent chief had only replaced that of Don Rafael's father, and that blood had atoned for blood.

If, at that moment, the captain had made his appearance, Don Mariano, it is true, would not have consented to an alliance with one who had abandoned the cause of Mexican independence; but a frank and sincere explanation would have banished from the minds of the hacendero and his daughter all idea of disloyalty and treason on the part of Don Rafael. The latter, on his part, ignorant that his father's death was not known at the hacienda until after that of Antonio Valdes, naturally neglected the favorable opportunity unconsciously offered him. How many irreparable woes have sprung from this cause—a simple misunderstanding!

The two royalist captains, Caldelas and Don Rafael, had made a sort of citadel of the hacienda del Valle, which they had fortified with cannon furnished by the commandant of the province, capable of defying all the insurrectionary strength of the region.

During his fierce pursuit of the two other assassins of his father, Arroyo and Bocardo, Don Rafael left the care of guarding their fortress to Caldelas. Captain Tres Villas, listening only to the whispers of his heart, had ended by making a compromise between his love and pride. Repelling the idea of a message, he had resolved to present himself personally at the hacienda; but carried away by the thirst of vengeance, the captain, not to expose himself to weakness at the sight of Rosina, had deferred an explanation with her and her father until the accomplishment of a portion of the rash vow which had been prompted by filial sorrow.

It will not be forgotten that he had sworn, by his father's head, to slay his murderers, and to drown in blood the insurrection which had caused his death. But his desperate efforts had only succeeded in destroying, man by man, the troop of the two assassins, they themselves constantly escaping pursuit. Finally, full two months after the death of Valdes, it was rumored that Arroyo and Bocardo had left the province to swell Hidalgo's army with the wrecks of their guerilla.

Don Rafael returned to the hacienda del Valle which was held by Caldelas. During his absence, an order from the general commanding the vice-royal army had been despatched, enjoining on him to repair to his post in the regiment of the queen's dragoons. Before obeying, although he was already behindhand, Don Rafael resolved to devote one day to the affairs of his heart, and to repair to Las Palmas to humble his pride before his love.

A justification at that time was more difficult than it would have been two months before in the eyes of Don Mariano Silva. Appearances had been converted into realities, suspicions into certainties, and Don Rafael in his eyes was nothing but a vulgar renegade. A few words comprised the hacendero's opinion, and daily rang in Rosina's ears as a sad presage thenceforth to be accomplished.

"Do not mourn Don Rafael's desertion," Don Mariano would say, endeavoring to dry his daughter's tears; "he lied to his mistress, as he lied to his country."

And the daughter's tears flowed forth more copiously than ever. But such had been Don Mariano's former attachment to the young officer, such the wealth of tenderness heaped in the heart of Rosina, that had he appeared at the hacienda with open brow and glowing with pride at the accomplishment of his duty, the frankness of his looks, the loyalty of his words, would doubtless have soon scattered all these clouds. Unhappily fate had decided that Don Rafael should no more cross, in friendly guise, the hospitable threshold of Las Palmas.

The captain had been marked in the country as one of the fiercest enemies of the insurrection, and although there was only a league's distance between the two domains del Valle and Las Palmas, Don Rafael had judged it prudent to be escorted in his ride by half a dozen horsemen. The precaution was not useless, as we shall see.

After having crossed the chain of hills, the summit of which, it will be remembered, looked down on the terraces of the building, Don Rafael presented himself at the gate which formerly served as an issue on this side. This gate had been recently walled up, and he prepared to ride round to the principal entrance on the esplanade, but he had hardly turned one of the angles of the building, when his little band were surrounded by a dozen ferocious-looking horsemen.

"Death to the traitor! Death to the wolf!"

While these cries rang in Don Rafael's ears, one of the aggressors drove his horse so fiercely against the flank of the officer's charger that the latter sank under him.

It would have been all over with Don Rafael, if he had not disengaged himself from his stirrups, and, with the agility which accompanied his herculean strength, sprang to the back of one of the horses of his troops, while its rider, stabbed to the heart by the assailants, fell heavily from the saddle.

Animated by the voice of their leader, whom for a moment, they had thought killed, the five men who remained with Don Rafael cut their way through the assailants, and took to the mountains where the insurgents dared not follow them. One man killed, and his brown bay lost—such was the result of the captain's attempt to justify himself after two months' silence. He resumed the road to the hacienda del Valle. Bitterness and grief swelled his heart. This hacienda of Las Palmas, where he had been the well-beloved guest, now only held enemies who thirsted for his blood.

"'Tis strange," said one of the horsemen of the escort, as they followed the captain, at a distance. "It was said that Arroyo and Bocardo had left the country—yet, if I mistake not—"

"It was they," replied the second horseman. "I knew them, but I took care not to tell the captain. He is so enraged against them, that if he had known whom we were flying from, we could not have made him turn bridle."

Meanwhile, the disappointed aggressors re-entered the hacienda.

"Thrice-accursed fool!" said a ferocious bull-necked fellow to one of his companions. "Why didn't you let him into the hacienda? Then we should have had him sure—and—"

Arroyo, for it was the bandit himself, finished his phrase by a menacing gesture.

"Don Mariano would not have allowed it," replied his companion, who was thin as a rail, and had a face expressive of mingled ferocity and cunning, like a weasel's. This latter was Bocardo, Arroyo's associate.

"We could have made shift without his leave," rejoined Arroyo, with a ferocious look. "We are no longer Don Mariano's servants. The time has come when servants are the masters of their masters. What do I care for the emancipation of the country? I go in for blood and booty!"

At these words, which expressed the real sentiments of the ferocious insurgent, a blaze of wrath glittered in his eyes.

"We shall have to fly now," he added. "For if this accursed captain knows we are here, nothing in the world will prevent his setting fire to the four corners of the hacienda and burning us all alive. I was an infernal fool myself to listen to you."

"Who would have thought he could have escaped us?" replied Bocardo, dismayed at the expression of his partner's face.

"You!" cried the bandit.

And, mastered by fury at the escape of his deadliest enemy, Arroyo drew his dagger, and struck Bocardo such a blow in the breast with the handle, that the latter tumbled from his horse, and lay drawn up in a heap, howling with pain.

Leaving his companion to get up as he could, the guerillero seemed to be struck by a sudden thought, and, dashing his horse through the gate of the hacienda, he sprang off in the courtyard and disappeared in the building, carbine in hand.

A few minutes afterwards, Don Rafael was pensively climbing the slope that led to the hill-tops, when a shot, fired from the terrace of the hacienda, killed the nearest horseman of his escort.

A smile of bitter sadness writhed Don Rafael's lips, and a sharp pang shot through his heart, as he compared this last adieu from the inmates of the hacienda with that which had accompanied his departure two months before. The ball had struck the very horseman who had judged it prudent to conceal the names of two of his aggressors from the captain.

"Arroyo fired that shot!" was the involuntary exclamation of the man who had thought he recognized the bandit.

"Arroyo in the hacienda, and you told me not!" cried the captain, with an accent of fury, while his mustachios bristled like the hair of a lion springing on his prey.

"I did not know—I was not quite sure," stammered the horseman.

In the impetuosity of his anger, Don Rafael came near treating the man more roughly even than Arroyo had served his partner. Yet he contained himself; but, without reflecting on the consequences which would result from it, the fiery captain despatched the best-mounted man in his troop with orders to bring back without a minute's loss of time, fifty well-armed men, with a few shells to blow in the gate of the hacienda.

The horseman dashed off at a gallop, and Don Rafael, posting himself, with his three remaining men, behind a ridge of ground which sheltered them from bullets, awaited the return of his messenger. The fever of his blood soon cooled, and he reflected with deep grief on the act of hostility against Rosina's father he was about to accomplish. A violent internal struggle took place between contrary sentiments of nearly equal power. Whether he persisted or yielded, it would be a sacrilege that he committed; and yet the voice of duty and that of passion spoke, one as loud as the other, in his heart. Which of the two should be obeyed?

The long and violent strife between these two antagonists was not ended when the detachment arrived. Whatever the consequence, Don Rafael could not now recede. This time duty carried the day. The officer drew his sword, placed himself at the head of his detachment, and, on a signal from his hand, the trumpet sounded the march, and apprized the people of the hacienda that a body of cavalry was crossing the chain of hills. A few minutes later the detachment formed in rank before the esplanade; a horseman advanced, sounded the trumpet again, and in the name of Don Rafael Tres Villas, captain in the royal army, summoned Don Mariano Silva to deliver, dead or alive, two insurgent bandits, Arroyo and Bocardo.

This summons made, Don Rafael, motionless, in his saddle, but with pale brow and beating heart, awaited Don Mariano's reply to his demand. The deepest silence was the only answer.

CHAPTER XIV.

LOVE STRONGER THAN DUTY.

Besides the consequences of his resolution already foreseen by Captain Tres Villas, there was one he had not thought of. One glance at the interior of the hacienda will render it intelligible to the reader.

In the saloon with which we are already familiar, were Don Mariano and his two daughters, and their position was of a nature fully to justify the silence which now met the summons of the royalist officer. Standing before the door, poignard in hand, Arroyo and Bocardo were pointing out to the hacendero the line of conduct he must follow.

"Listen, Senor Don Mariano," said the bandit, in the brutal tone which was habitual to him: "I am pleased to think that your loyalty will refuse to surrender guests sheltered by your roof."

"It is true," replied Don Mariano, "and you may rest assured."

"I know you will refuse to give us up; but this devilish captain will blow up the gate and take us in spite of you. Now, that is what I want to avoid."

"Know you a way to prevent it?"

"Of course I do; a very simple one. This wolf of Beelzebub has been your friend. If, as a servant of your house, once on a time—I was posted up on what was going on, he has a sneaking regard for charming Donna Rosina, and consequently he will feel the terrible danger you incur."

"A danger! I understand you not."

"You will soon understand me. You will tell the captain, that if he decides to blow up the gate, he will take us alive, as a matter of course; but as for you and your daughters, he'll find nothing but your dead bodies. Do you understand me now?"

Had the words of Arroyo been even less explicit, the ferocity of his whole face would have sufficiently indicated his meaning. The hacendero's two daughters threw themselves into his arms in affright.

At this moment, the sound of the trumpet was again heard, and the menacing voice of the soldier reached the ears of the guests of the hacienda. The hacendero, trembling for the fate of his daughters abandoned, defenceless, to his two former vaqueros, whose companions obstructed the corridor, suffered this second summons, which was even more imperative than the first, to pass unanswered.

"A thousand fiends!" cried the bandit. "Why do you delay? Show yourself at the window, if you are afraid to meet this enraged captain face to face, and tell him your story plainly, or—"

The trumpet, for the third time pouring its brazen threats into the terrified ears of the two young ladies, interrupted the bandit.

"Down with the house of the enemies of Spain!" cried a manly voice, whose intonation bore a mingled thrill of joy and terror to the heart of Rosina.

"One moment!" cried Don Mariano, presenting himself on the peristyle which surmounted the steps, and whence he looked down on the plain, while he was himself visible to those without. "I have two words to speak to the captain. Where is he?"

"I am here. Do you not see me?"

"Ah, I crave pardon," said the hacienda, with a bitter smile. "Hitherto I have only known Captain Tres Villas as a friend, and I did not recognize him in the man who threatens ruin to the roof of him who was his host."

At this imprudent speech, the irony of which the hacendero could not repress, a warm blush chased the paleness of the officer's brow.

"And I," he replied, "now see in you only the fomenter of the impious insurrection I have sworn to stifle, and the master of a house where bandits are the guests. Did you not hear that you must surrender them?"

"In no case would I betray those whom I have promised to defend," said the hacendero, carried, in spite of himself beyond the limits he had prescribed; "but in this case, I have no free will, and I am charged by those you pursue to tell you, that they will poignard my two children and myself before they fall into your hands. Our lives depend on their safety, captain; it is for you to say whether you'll still persist in wishing their surrender."

The bitterness had disappeared from the hacendero's language, and these last words were uttered with dignified and sad firmness, and their accent rang mournfully in the captain's heart.

A mist obscured Don Rafael's eyes as he thought of Rosina's falling under the poignard of the guerilleros, whom he knew to be capable of executing their menace, and he was almost happy that a duty now presented itself no less imperious in its claims than that he had hitherto obeyed.

"Well," said he, after a brief silence, for this time his firmness was vanquished in advance. "Convey the bandit named Arroyo, the solemn promise that he has nothing to fear, if he shows himself; I place this condition not on the pardon, but the reprieve which humanity makes it my duty to grant him."

"O, I have no need of your word!" cried the bandit, impudently, as he showed himself beside Don Mariano. "Have I not within here hostages which answer better for my life? Well—what would you of Arroyo, Senor Captain?"

With the veins of his forehead swollen, his lips quivering and his eye inflamed at the sight of one of his father's assassins, of the man he had so long and vainly followed, the bandit whom he might seize alive but was about to liberate, the captain required a moment to appease the impetuous passions that convulsed his heart. But, without perceiving it, his clenched hand forcibly drew his rein, his spurs rowelled the flanks of his horse, and the animal, rearing upright, descended with a plunge, almost against the gate of the hacienda. It seemed as if the cavalier wished to leap the obstacle which separated him from the ferocious guerillero. The bandit could not repress a gesture of affright.

"What I would of Arroyo," said the captain, "is to engrave his features deep in my memory, that I never may mistake them when I hunt him to fasten him alive to my horse's tail."

"If you sent for me only to pay me such compliments as these—"

And the bandit made a feint of re-entering the hacienda.

"Hear me!" cried Don Rafael. "Your life is safe—I promised it—humanity makes it my duty to spare you."

"So I am under no obligation, captain?"

"Your gratitude would be an insult; but if, in the bit of bloody filth that serves you for a heart there is a spark of courage, mount your horse, take what arms you please, and come out of this enclosure alone; I defy you to combat."

The captain, as he said this, rose in his stirrups, and his noble features offered a striking contrast to the low and ferocious countenance of the man he challenged. The insult uttered by Don Rafael, struck him home, but Arroyo felt brave enough only to swallow it.

"Pshaw!" said he, affecting to jest—"Fifty against one!"

"I here solemnly pledge the word of a gentleman before my soldiers, before God, whatever be the issue of the combat, that is, if I fall, you shall be unharmed."

For a moment the bandit stood mute and undecided. He appeared to be weighing the chances of this combat; but he had too often learned to know the personal valor of the captain to reckon them in his favor. He dared not accept.

"I refuse," said he.

"Keep your horse, then—I will fight on foot," said Don Rafael.

"Demon! I refuse, I tell you."

"I thought so. But hear me once again. I give you my word that nothing shall be done to you, if you permit such of the residents of this house as I shall designate, to leave it with me and place themselves under the protection of a loyal enemy."

"I still refuse," replied Arroyo.

"Go! you are not a man," cried Don Rafael. "And, when this hand shall clutch you, instead of treating you like a man, you shall die under the lash, like a base hound."

After having flung him this terrible adieu, the captain whirled his horse round, and turned his back on the bandit with a gesture of profound contempt. The trumpet rang out anew and the detachment resumed the road to the mountains. Don Rafael bore away from this interview, the result of which was so painful to him, a profound resentment for the too sincere words of Don Mariano, besides the mortal anxiety he felt at the idea of leaving his two daughters in the power of such a master as Arroyo.

His fears, however, on this head, were only partially realized, for two days afterwards he learned from one of his scouts that this time Arroyo and Bocardo had left the province after having plundered the hacienda, without subjecting the inhabitants of Las Palmas to any other indignity. Captain Tres Villas then prepared to obey the orders he had received to join his corps. Caldelas had just obtained a command, and both had set forth, leaving the garrison del Valle under the orders of a Catalan lieutenant named Varragay.

Don Rafael had taken an active part in the battle of Calderon, where, with six thousand men, General Calleja dispersed Hidalgo's hundred thousand insurgents. Since then, he had constantly waged war at different points, and he was returning from San Blas to Oajaca, in the vessel of which we had a momentary glimpse, where on his arrival, fresh orders despatched him to the siege of Huajapam. His old brother-in-arms, Caldelas, was there with the brevet rank of general, while, less fortunate in this respect, Don Rafael held only the grade of colonel.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[Back numbers of The Flag of our Union containing the first chapters of this story, can be had at our office of publication or at any of the periodical depots.]

A MONOMANIAC.

It is very well known that, by the laws of England, the Lord Chancellor is held to be the guardian of the persons and property of all such individuals as are said to be no longer of sound mind and good disposing memory—in fine, to have lost their senses. Lord Chancellor Loughborough once ordered to be brought to him a man against whom his heirs wished to take out a statute of lunacy. He examined him very attentively, and put various questions to him, to all of which he made the most pertinent and apposite answers. "This man mad!" thought he; "verily, he is one of the ablest men I ever met with." Towards the end of his examination, however, a little scrap of paper, torn from a letter, was put into Lord Loughborough's hands, on which was written "Ezekiel." This was enough for such a shrewd and able man as his lordship. He forthwith took his cue. "What fine poetry," said the chancellor, "is in Isaiah!" "Very fine," replied the man, "especially when read in the original Hebrew." "And how well Jeremiah wrote!" "Surely," said the man. "What a genius, too, was Ezekiel!" "Do you know him?" said the man; "I'll tell you a secret—*I am Ezekiel!*"—*London Leader.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

REMEMBER ME!

BY T. S. WINTER.

> Remember me! remember me!
> When day in dawning crowns the East,
> And Nature spreads her morning feast;
> When first the birds sing forth in glee,
> Though far I roam from home and thee,
> The boon I ask, remember me!
>
> Remember me! remember me!
> When Noon her splendor spreads above,
> The charming radiance we love;
> When all is light, and bright, and free,
> Though parted by the deep blue sea,
> The boon I beg, remember me!
>
> Remember me! remember me!
> When Eve her dusky mantle spreads,
> And folds its shadows round our beds;
> When low in prayer you bend the knee,
> Though lone I wander far from thee,
> The boon I claim, remember me!

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

GRANDPAPA'S BEGGAR BOY.

BY MRS. CAROLINE A. SOULE.

"Do but hear me, papa,—do but have patience with me a few short moments, while I tell you exactly how I found them. In a cellar, papa, a dark, gloomy, musty cellar in a narrow lane, where the sunshine never beams, where the birds never sing, where flowers never grow, where all is filth and rottenness; and he lay, yes, our darling Charlie lay upon a few bundles of damp straw, with only a thin sheet to cover him, and so pale, wan and emaciated—"

"Mary, I *command* you to cease," and the old man's voice fairly trembled with anger. "He made his own bed—let him lie in it!"

"But, papa, the veriest sinner in the world would gain your pity did he suffer as now does your only son. And then his wife, so careworn, yet so saintly, and his two sweet babes—"

"Hearken to me, Mary," exclaimed Mr. Somers, in a vehement tone; "if you stop not this instant, further pleading for—" in spite of his anger his voice grew husky here, "that infatuated boy, that unfilial son, that rebel to home; if you ever speak again of him to me or any other friend, I'll cut you off with but one shilling. I will, ay, by all the saints in the calendar, I will. Go to your room, before—" I curse you, too, he was going to say, but then she glided softly to his knee, nestled upon it as in olden time, wound her fair arms about his neck, and hushed his voice with kisses.

"Go to, sis, you are but a foolish girl after all, and mean well enough," said he gently, as one and another sweet caress melted upon his lips and cheeks, "but as you love me, and as you value your inheritance, never again allude to this subject. I interdict it henceforth and forever." And the old man, gently touching her pale forehead with his lips, and gazing a moment in her dark, blue eyes, brimful of tears, turned abruptly from her, put on his overcoat, gloves and hat, took up his golden-headed cane and walked away.

It was a bright, beautiful winter's morning. A light snow had fallen the night before, and now every dingy roof sparkled like a marble terrace, while the streets and by-ways seemed lined with swan's down, so feathery were the pure drifting flakes that had whitened their dark pathways. It was yet early, and but few were abroad. Mr. Somers's footstep was the first that imprinted itself on the yielding snow, and childlike, he pleased himself with marking how straight was the path he made, and how regular the fall of his foot. But the long avenue was paced at length, and then he came to a crowded thoroughfare, and was jostled about as all the rest. He went to the market, the grocery, and the coal-yard, for the wants of his household reached to all three that morning, and then turned his steps once more towards home. The walks were not yet swept, and as he again traversed the noble street, at whose farther end stood his princely home, he saw with pleasure his own footprints yet fresh in the snow, and carefully followed the track. He had walked half the distance, when a slight, hoarse cough arrested his attention. The sound came from behind him, and looking back, he saw a little fellow but four or five years old, only a few yards distant, and was amused to see the efforts he made to follow in his own broad steps. "Now I go up, now I go down," would he say to himself, as he raised and let fall his tiny feet, and then, when they dropped in the right place, he would clap his little red hands and shout a loud hurra. But in the midst of his glee, his foot slipped and down he went. But he lay only a moment, and then was gently raised by Mr. Somers, who exclaimed as he held him in his arms, "now you are up."

"Yes, sir, and now I am down," and he slid from the arms and stood proudly alone. "It didn't hurt me, sir."

"You are a brave boy not to cry over a fall like that. Who are you, and where do you live?"

"O, I am only a little beggar now, and I live in a little cellar too. Please, sir, did you ever beg, and will you tell me how, 'cause mother sent me out to beg some breakfast for us all, and I don't know what to say, only I'm very hungry and so is little sis and poor mother, and sick father too. Are people good to little beggars, sir?"

There was a naivete about the little one, so earnest and so true, that it melted the old man's heart entirely, and too full of tears to speak, he only took the child's hand in his own and led him to his own warm breakfast room. Softly did Harrie, for such he told them was his name, softly did he nestle in the velvet chair that was drawn close to the glowing grate, and with wondering eyes did he look about him, while Mr. Somers and the maid rubbed his red palms and his yet redder feet.

"And now that you are warmed, young Harrie, what would you like to eat?"

"Buckwheat cakes and honey, sir. I used to love them dearly, and we used to have them 'fore papa grew sick and poor." And it did the old man's heart a wondrous sight of good to see the little beggar eat.

"Why, you were half-starved," said he.

"O, yes, sir, we've
but mother couldn't be
till to-day. Please si
eat, wont you let me
get their breakfast, and
He's too sick to walk
"Ay," said the hos
basket, Susan, and bid
riage. I am too tired
you like a ride, my lit
"A ride, and will yo
love it dearly, and yo
sis along, and father to
sick?" And the tears
"Ay, ay. And litt
you know how to be
words drop clean in
wondrous little begga
"And do I know h
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"Now we will rid
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so sweetly, and you'
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the mother's knee.
footfall, and then a
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"You called me,
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[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

REMEMBER ME!

BY T. S. WINTER.

Remember me! remember me!
When day in dawning crowns the East,
And Nature spreads her morning feast;
When first the birds sing forth in glee,
Though far I roam from home and thee,
The boon I ask, remember me!

Remember me! remember me!
When Noon her splendor spreads above,
The charming radiance we love;
When all is light, and bright, and free,
Though parted by the deep blue sea,
The boon I beg, remember me!

Remember me! remember me!
When Eve her dusky mantle spreads,
And folds its shadows round our beds;
When low in prayer you bend the knee,
Though lone I wander far from thee,
The boon I claim, remember me!

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

GRANDPAPA'S BEGGAR BOY.

BY MRS. CAROLINE A. SOULE.

"Do but hear me, papa,—do but have patience with me a few short moments, while I tell you exactly how I found them. In a cellar, papa, a dark, gloomy, musty cellar in a narrow lane, where the sunshine never beams, where the birds never sing, where flowers never grow, where all is filth and rottenness; and he lay, yes, our darling Charlie lay upon a few bundles of damp straw, with only a thin sheet to cover him, and so pale, wan and emaciated—"

"Mary, I *command* you to cease," and the old man's voice fairly trembled with anger. "He made his own bed—let him lie in it!"

"But, papa, the veriest sinner in the world would gain your pity did he suffer as now does your only son. And then his wife, so careworn, yet so saintly, and his two sweet babes—"

"Hearken to me, Mary," exclaimed Mr. Somers, in a vehement tone; "if you stop not this instant, further pleading for—" in spite of his anger his voice grew husky here, "that infatuated boy, that unfilial son, that rebel to home; if you ever speak again of him to me or any other friend, I'll cut you off with but one shilling. I will, ay, by all the saints in the calendar, I will. Go to your room, before—" I curse you, too, he was going to say, but then she glided softly to his knee, nestled upon it as in olden time, wound her fair arms about his neck, and hushed his voice with kisses.

"Go to, sir, you are but a foolish girl after all, and mean well enough," said he gently, as one and another sweet caress melted upon his lips and cheeks, but as you love me, and as you value your inheritance, never again allude to this subject. I interdict it henceforth and forever." And the old man, gently touching her pale forehead with his lips, and gazing a moment in her dark, blue eyes, now brimful of tears, turned abruptly from her, put on his overcoat, gloves and hat, took up his golden-headed cane and walked away.

It was a bright, beautiful winter's morning. A light snow had fallen the night before, and now every dingy roof sparkled like a marble terrace, while the streets and by-ways seemed lined with swan's down, so feathery were the pure drifting flakes that had whitened their dark pathways. It was yet early, and but few were abroad. Mr. Somers's footstep was the first that imprinted itself on the yielding snow, and childlike, he pleased himself with marking how straight was the path he made, and how regular the fall of his foot. But the long avenue was paced at length, and then he came to a crowded thoroughfare, and was jostled about as all the rest. He went to the market, the grocery, and the coal-yard, for the wants of his household reached to all three that morning, and then turned his steps once more towards home. The walks were not yet swept, and as he again traversed the noble street, at whose farther end stood his princely home, he saw with pleasure his own footprints yet fresh in the snow, and carefully followed the track. He had walked half the distance, when a slight, hoarse cough arrested his attention. The sound came from behind him, and looking back, he saw a little fellow but four or five years old, only a few yards distant, and was amused to see the efforts he made to follow in his own broad steps. "Now I go up, now I go down," would he say to himself, as he raised and let fall his tiny feet, and then, when they dropped in the right place, he would clap his little red hands and shout a loud hurra. But in the midst of his glee, his foot slipped and down he went. But he lay only a moment, and then was gently raised by Mr. Somers, at the exclaimed as he held him in his arms, "now you are up."

"Yes, sir, and now I am down," and he slid from the arms and stood proudly alone. "It didn't hurt me, sir."

"You are a brave boy not to cry over a fall like that. Who are you, and where do you live?"

"O, I am only a little beggar now, and I live in a little cellar too. Please, sir, did you ever beg, and will you tell me how, 'cause mother sent me out to beg some breakfast for us all, and I don't know what to say, only I'm very hungry and so is little sis and poor mother, and sick father too. Are people good to little beggars, sir?"

There was a naivete about the little one, so earnest and so true, that it melted the old man's heart entirely, and too full of tears to speak, he only took the child's hand in his own and led him to his own warm breakfast room. Softly did Harrie, for such he told them was his name, softly did he nestle in the velvet chair that was drawn close to the glowing grate, and with wondering eyes did he look about him, while Mr. Somers and the maid rubbed his red palms and his yet redder feet.

"And now that you are warmed, young Harrie, what would you like to eat?"

"Buckwheat cakes and honey, sir. I used to love them dearly, and we used to have them 'fore papa grew sick and poor." And it did the old man's heart a wondrous sight of good to see the little beggar eat.

"Why, you were half-starved," said he.

"O, yes, sir, we've been starving for a week, but mother couldn't bear to own we were beggars till to-day. Please sir, you've got so much to eat, wont you let me bring her and little sis to get their breakfast, and give us some for father. He's too sick to walk so far."

"Ay," said the host, "that will I. Fix up a basket, Susan, and bid Thomas bring the carriage. I am too tired to walk again. How would you like a ride, my little man?"

"A ride, and will you be so good? O, I should love it dearly, and you'll take mother and little sis along, and father too, wont you, 'cause he's so sick?" And the tears stood in his pleading eyes.

"Ay, ay. And little fellow, let me tell you, you know how to beg as do but few, for your words drop clean into the heart. You are a wondrous little beggar boy."

"And do I know how to beg? O, I'm so glad, sir, 'cause now I'll keep them all in victuals every day, and maybe somebody'll give me wood and coal, 'cause it's so cold to be without a fire in the winter-time, and maybe, too, when I've learned *just how* to beg, they'll give me candles, or a lamp, to scare the rats away at night. O, I'm so glad I've made so good a beggar boy."

"Now we will ride," said Mr. Somers, in a husky tone, and taking up the heavy basket and bidding Harrie follow, he walked to the front door. While his hand was on the knob, Mary came gliding down the stair-way.

"Pray, who is this," said she, "and where are you going, father?"

"O, I'm a little beggar boy, and this good old man is going to take some victuals to my home, and then give us all a ride. My name is Harrie —but you, lady, who are you? Why—you are—yes, yes—you are the same sweet one that came to our cellar once, and cried so over us. What did you tell me then to call you?—O, I know; it was Aunt Mary, and you said you'd tell my grandpa what a fine little grandson was growing up for him to love. Please, lady, tell me, is this my grandpa?"

"Yes, Harrie."

"Stoop down, sir, if you please, for mother always told me, when I saw my grandpa, I must put my arms around his neck and kiss him, O, so sweetly, and you're so big, sir, I can't reach you, unless you stoop! But what makes you cry, sir? Aint you glad that I'm your little grandson? I wont have to beg my bread any longer; you'll give it to me, after this, if I don't ask, say, wont you?"

The lion in the old man's heart was tamed, and a little child now led him. The soft white arms were folded about his neck, the down-like cheeks pressed to his own, while lips met lips in kisses of love.

* * * *

"Harrie stays very long," whispered a low, faint voice from one corner of the cellar. "Do you not fear for him, dear wife? He is very young to wander alone over this great city."

"God will care for him, my husband. His artless, winning ways and his sweet voice will make him friends. Yet it is hard that he, our darling, first born one, should be a beggar boy so soon." And tears fell from her eyes upon the little purple face that nestled to her bosom.

"My father, O, my father," moaned the sick man. "If he would only but see me once again."

There was a slight bustle at the door, and then it was pushed wide open. There was a pattering of two feet, and then a curly head rested upon the mother's knee. Then came a firm, broad footfall, and then a manly form bent over the sufferer.

"You called me, Charlie, a moment since," murmured the voice of the new-comer. "What would you have?"

* * * *

"My father, O, my father," burst from the white lips in impassioned tones, "give me your blessing ere I die, and for my mother's sake love these, so dear to him who was so dear to her."

Words trembled on the old man's lips, but he dared not trust himself to speak. His knees grew weak beneath him, and he sank beside the bed of straw and hid his face. * * * *

In a luxuriantly furnished chamber were assembled a beauteous family group. There were a gray haired sire, a blooming maiden, a saintly looking woman, a pale sick man, and two lovely little children, a noble boy of four, and a tiny girl of some few months. A couch, silken and soft, was drawn close to the blazing grate, and on it rested the weak invalid, while beside him, on a velvet cushion, so near that she could hold his hand, sat the fair young lady. The fair young girl was toying with the babe before a splendid mirror, the boy was building castles with some fairy blocks, and the old man was leaning against the mantel.

"A tableau, worthy to be wrought in gobelin tapestry, or drawn on canvass by a master-hand," exclaimed a rich yet mellow voice. They started, one and all, and the noble blushed.

"It is now complete,—the picture, I mean," said Mr. Somers, as he grasped the manly hand. "We are all here—thanks," and he clasped the child close to his heart, "thanks to my little beggar boy."

A SHARP VICAR.

A well-authenticated story has been told of a certain vicar, who, several years ago, lived a few miles from Loughborough. He was rather eccentric, but not easily imposed upon. On a particular occasion he and several of the principal inhabitants dined together at one of the inns in the village, and one of the company, thinking that the affair would not be remunerative to the landlord, suggested that he might charge an extra bottle of wine or two in the bill, by way of making it up. "That," said the landlord, "might be done, but the vicar put every cork into his pocket, as a check to the account!"—*Leicester Mercury.*

"I CAN'T DO IT."

Yes, you can. Try—try hard—try often—and you will accomplish it. Yield to every discouraging circumstance, and you will do nothing worthy of a great mind. Try, and you will do wonders. You will be astonished at yourself—your advancement in whatever you undertake. "I can't" has ruined many a man; has been the tomb of bright expectation and ardent hope. Let "I will try," be your motto in whatever you undertake; and if you press onward steadily, you will accomplish your object, and come off victorious.—*Amherst Cabinet.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

CHESTER JENKS,
AND HIS MANY TROUBLES.

BY JOHN THORNBERRY.

"Come, Chester," said his friend Tom Whiting, "get your duds together and go out to B. to-morrow. I've got plenty of friends there, you know, and I want you to enjoy some of them with me; especially Miss Mary Maxwell."

"O, *pho!*" answered Chester Jenks, sticking his heels up on the window-sill.

"I tell you there's no '*pho*' about it. Mary is a beautiful girl. She's in the way of a handsome inheritance, too. And I think, what's more, that you would like her, and she would like you. Come, now; she'd like an author, and you might not dislike an heiress. I insist upon it that you shall go!"

"If you were only going too," said Chester.

"That's just the reason why I want you to start off ahead of me, you see. I'd rather you would be there alone and study character a little for yourself, and then I shall come along and look over your conclusions. The fact is, if you get acquainted with Mary Maxwell without any interference of *mine*, it may be a great deal better for you, and for her, too."

Chester Jenks began to think seriously of it.

"You need fresh air and a change of scene," urged his friend Tom, "and B. is exactly the place for you. Go right off to-morrow, I tell you, and not say another word about it. I shall be there as soon as you will care about seeing me. The fact is, I've a wonderful fancy that you and my friend Mary are going to just suit one another. At any rate, I want to be satisfied about it whether I am right or wrong."

Chester Jenks was over-persuaded. It was a lovely day in late June; summer was throwing her charms around everything. And the image of beautiful Mary Maxwell danced through his thoughts. Next morning he set out bright and early for the cars, carpet bag in hand. His spirits were high, and all things promised happiness.

It was late in the afternoon before he reached B., and the last part of his journey he was obliged to perform by stagecoach. As he drove up under the great elm tree that shadowed the roof of the village tavern, he thought the spot the most inviting and rural he had ever seen. B. was entitled to a fixed place in his heart already, for nothing but the promises it seemed to hold out.

Having placed his carpet-bag in safe keeping, he found it would be some time yet before supper; so, on consultation with his feelings, he concluded that he would find his way down to the river's bank below the village street, and indulge in a democratic wash; in other words, a good plunge and swim. Tired and dusty as he was, he started off on his hygienic errand, hoping to feel in excellent trim for his supper.

Perhaps a half mile or more from the street he saw a beautiful little nook, leading in from the river's bank, where he thought his good luck invited him. He turned down to it, and found himself wholly concealed from the road, and from every ordinary chance of detection and disturbance. Disrobing himself as quick as he could, he laid his clothes in a secure place and plunged in.

Just about the same instant that he took his delicious plunge in the July waters of the little river, a stranger of about his own size had been caught filching sundry articles of household economy from the dwellings of the good housewives in the village, and had started off in heedless haste down the street, at the cry which was set up of "*Stop thief!*" He darted away at such speed that no one thought there was much use in pursuing him, though they had so carefully marked his dress and appearance that they knew they would recognize him should he turn up again.

The fellow was frightened nearly to death. He felt certain he should be caught, and knew already that people must have started across the country to head him off by the route he had taken. Trembling and uncertain what to do, he plunged into the thicket by the roadside, and came pat upon the heap of clothes only a few minutes before vacated by our friend, Chester Jenks.

"Well, if hero aint a prize!" he exclaimed to himself, lifting both hands. "I couldn't ask anything more to my mind!"

And without a single moment's delay, he proceeded to put off his own clothes, and to put on the respectable suit he found lying near him. Of course his next move was one as far distant as possible from that locality. He struck out a path across the fields, unwilling to trust his person on the highway until night should kindly come down and throw her protecting mantle over him.

In due time, Mr. Chester Jenks had completed his tumblings and curvettings, his swashings and washings in the river, and took himself out of the current to the privacy of his chosen boudoir in the bushes. He dried off carefully, and he rubbed himself vigorously with the crash-towel he had brought in his carpet-bag. "Ah," said he aloud, when he was wholly through, "*now* I feel like another person! I feel clean! I feel fresh and new! If I could only have the good luck to see Mary Maxwell as soon as I get through my supper, 'twill be as near what I should like as anything could be!"

Thereupon he fell to, to dress himself again. He picked up his shirt; yes, *that* was still there, and it fitted him. No suspicions excited yet. He seized his drawers. *They* were all right. And still no misgiving. He grabbed at his trousers, and had fairly poked into one leg of them, when a cry of dismay escaped him.

"Great George of Oxford!" he called. "What is all this?"

Quicker than a wink, he had drawn off the trousers' leg, and was holding up the entire article for inspection! His face was a long picture of despair without a frame.

He reached down and poked over the remaining items of his wardrobe; they were no more his than the trousers were his that he held in his hand. They looked thoroughly dingy, cheap, uninviting, and unclean. They were not the clothes of a decent gentleman at all, but rather the rig of some villanous pack-peddler.

What to do,—was the momentous question. The conclusion was very plain, stern as it was, likewise. There was no possible alternative but for him to put on these clothes at his hand, and temporarily make the best of it. Perhaps there was a clothing-store in the village, and he would shed his skin there as soon as he could find it. But it was with a sickening qualm at his stomach that he slipped the garments on so gingerly. He thought he should have preferred to wash them out in the river first, but how could he wait for them to dry?

On they went, therefore, and on he went by a back and unfrequented way to the village again. He looked and acted guilty enough. Even a child might have suspected him to be a thief.

He climbed over garden walls, crept through barn-yards and cattle-lanes, sneaked round the shortest corners he could turn, and arrived at the hotel where the stagecoach originally landed him. The moment he made his appearance in the hall, the landlord, who had first espied him from the road, sprung up from the knot of men he was chatting with on the subject of the thief, and rushed upon him.

"I've got you *now*, you villain!" he cried. "I *knew* you'd be crawling back after your carpet-bag, and here you are! Come into the other room here!"

Before he could recover from his surprise, Chester Jenks found himself suddenly dragged into the midst of a party of excited men, every one of whom loudly charged him with being a *thief*. He was so confused at first, that he could not speak. And this they considered a certain symptom of his guilt. The rascal were really innocent, he would out with it, fair and square. But how could such a guilty *looking* fellow help being really *guilty?*

"I am no *thief*, gentlemen," said he; "I am no more a thief than any of you are."

"Who be you, then?" asked several at once.

Chester Jenks did not care to tell them that he was an industrious, hopeful, and aspiring young author; very few really promising young authors would have chosen to do so. He therefore only told them what his name was, where he came from, and what he came out to B. for,—without mentioning the name of Mary Maxwell.

"Aha!" said they, "you needn't think to cheat us in *that* way! We've caught you, old feller, and we believe we've caught a *thief!* You'll know more about it pretty soon!"

Met by such a torrent of accusation, the poor fellow thought it best to say as little as possible at present, and to await events.

Presently a justice of the peace entered, and at his back a couple of ladies, residents in the village. What was Chester Jenks's first great mortification, to hear the justice accosted on all sides as Squire Maxwell! It took the courage out of his heart in an instant.

"Look here, sir," said Squire M., to begin with, "you are charged by these women with entering their houses and taking goods of such and such a description. Are you guilty or not guilty?"

Chester began a long speech, but was cut short at the outset. They did not come there to hear long speeches, or any sort of speeches; but to see justice measured out to a rogue and robber.

While this was going forward, a constable had the thought to examine his coat pockets; and, sure enough, from one of them he fished up four silver spoons, with the initials of one of his female accusers quite legibly engraven upon them! They were held up as proof positive that he was the thief he had been taken for.

Whereupon Chester commenced an explanation of the manner in which he came not only by the stolen spoons, but by the clothes also.

"A very likely story!" they all murmured, with a sneer, in his ears, "a likely story!"

The women testified both to the property as theirs, and to the identity of the prisoner. The landlord identified him as the same fellow who had come in the stagecoach only the same afternoon; and the few men who had vainly chased after him freely offered their testimony that this was the same fellow they had run out of town, and wore precisely the same clothes.

Could proof be more to the point? Chester Jenks continued to protest. He was laboring under a mingled sense of mortification and confusion, at finding himself arraigned as a criminal, and especially at having his case tried before the father of the very girl he had been so anxious to see. He thought of mentioning to Squire Maxwell the name of his friend Tom Whiting; but then, on second thought, why need he make himself known at all? It was already bad enough; could he hope to better it in this way? Still he did not cease for a moment to protest against the proceedings with all his present vigor; to declare himself an innocent person, and the victim of a foul conspiracy; and to insist that the very clothes he wore were not his own, but had been left him in exchange for those he laid on the river's bank while bathing. All, however, to worse than no purpose; for now they thought him not only an out-and-out thief, but a consummate liar in the bargain.

Esquire Maxwell, the father of the beautiful Mary, found him guilty in due course of law; and sentenced him to a fine of seven dollars, with costs, together with imprisonment in the county jail for thirty days. If he could not raise the amount of the fine, he was out of perfect liberty to remain in limbo until he had worked it out.

A constable rode up with a smart horse to drive him off some six good miles to the place of his more permanent destination. Chester Jenks got into the wagon with an odd combination of feelings, with which the ludicrous was just beginning to get mixed up. He arrived at his quarters in safety, passed a sleepless night, and awoke in the morning with a determination to sit down and *do* something about it. Early in the forenoon, however, who should make his appearance in the county institution, but the man with *his* clothes on his back! The scamp had been pursuing his proclivities in another place, and at this early hour in the day had managed to get his deserts. Before the face and eyes of the officer, Chester Jenks stood up and charged the vagabond with stealing his clothes while he was bathing. He appealed to him, now that he was caught at last, to tell the truth about the affair in B., and to secure his own release forthwith.

"O, that would be mighty nice, now, John, wouldn't it? Indeed it would, when we started on shares, you know, to begin with, and have both of us got to the same stopping place so early! O, no, my friend," said he, "you wouldn't desert a body in such a strait as *this*, I hope. We began together; let's carry it out to the end!"

Chester was stupefied with the presumption of the scoundrel. It was of no profit for him to bandy words with such a fellow; he merely assured him that he should have a "bone to pick with him" in a few days, and relapsed into quietness. The first thing and the only thing for him to do, was to sit down and write a letter to his friend Tom Whiting in Boston. He told him what trouble he was in, and how he wanted him to come and help him. "Come on without an hour's delay," said he, "and bring Esquire Maxwell over to the jail with you!"

Tom was thunderstruck with the news; and when he had recovered from his surprise a little, he broke out into one of the heartiest laughs he ever enjoyed. Off he posted at full speed, and, on the evening of the same day that he started, he was at the doors of the county jail. As soon as Chester had regained his liberty, he was introduced to Miss Mary Maxwell! Tom had whispered the secret of our friend's visit to B. in her ear, and insisted that she should accompany her father and himself over to the county-house to welcome the prisoner back to freedom again. Chester was covered with confusion, but not so much so that he could not discern through it all the rare beauty and grace of the Squire's daughter Mary. He was a slave, the moment he was free!

The real thief's clothes were tried on him, in the presence of the Squire, the jailor, and others, and the fit was complete. Tom had brought a change along with him for Chester from the latter's wardrobe in Boston. And now that he could get his friend Tom to swear to the identity of his own clothes that the thief had taken from him while bathing, he had the fellow tried again for theft, and was satisfied to hear him sentenced for a respectable term of time—not to the county jail, simply, but to the State prison.

Thus sadly was the acquaintance of Chester Jenks with Mary Maxwell begun, in a jail; but it proved, after all, the most efficient introduction he could have had. Her father, having already done him such injustice ignorantly, hastened to show him friendship of no ordinary kind. Mary first pitied, and next admired—no, admired isn't the word—him. And the result was, that he took up his residence in B. before long, and devoted all his time to the pursuit of his profession, and the happiness of his wife.

Our Curious Department.

[Prepared expressly for The Flag of our Union.]

A queer Custom.

In the neighborhood of Quimper, in Brittany, a very singular custom prevails. The men wear a peculiar kind of one-cornered hat, the manner of wearing which is supposed, from the character of the information it imparts, to be very interesting to the women. A widower wears this hat so as to bring the corner right over the forehead, probably for the purpose of showing that his life has been overshadowed. The married man wears it so that the corner is over his back, perhaps as signifying that he can only look back for happiness, which with him is a necessity. The "jolly bachelor" causes the corner to come jauntily over the right or left ear, which may mean that he is open to proposals. When a widower or bachelor there makes an offer of himself, he must say to the lady, "Take my hat."

Wonderful Ingenuity of Beavers.

They choose a low, level piece of ground, watered with a small rivulet, that it may be easily overflowed, which they do by making dams across it: they make these dams by thrusting down stakes of five or six feet long, and as thick as one's arm, pretty deep into the ground; these they will wattle across with tender pliable boughs, and fill up the spaces with clay, making a slope on the side against which the water presses, but leaving the other perpendicular. They make their houses after the same manner; the walls are upright, two feet thick, and at top in form of a dome; they are usually oval, five or six feet long on the inside, and near as broad, being sufficient to lodge eight or ten beavers, and two or three stories high, which they inhabit as the water rises or falls.

Extraordinary Lethargy.

In 1694, Samuel Chilton, of Tinsbury, England, fell into a comatose state, which lasted seventeen weeks. At the expiration of this time he awoke, put on his clothes, and walked about the room, not knowing he had slept above a night, nor could he be persuaded he had lain so long, till going out into the fields he found everybody busy in their harvest, and he remembered very well, when he fell asleep they were sowing barley and oats, which he then saw ripe and fit to be cut down.

Remarkable Memory.

The poet Campbell read his "Pleasures of Hope," a composition of several hundred lines, to Sir Walter Scott one evening. The next morning, Sir Walter said, "You must look out that nobody steals any of your thunder." "That is impossible," said Campbell, "for it is not printed and I have only one copy of it." "Don't be too sure," rejoined Scott, with a smile, and thereupon he repeated the whole poem, word for word, to the utter astonishment of his auditor.

Strange Effect of Acid.

Orange or lemon juice left upon a knife, or other piece of iron, will in a few days produce a stain so nearly resembling that caused by blood as to deceive the most careful observer; and not many years ago, in Paris, a man was nearly convicted of murder, owing to a knife being found in his possession, stained with what was pronounced by several professional men to be blood, but afterwards discovered to be simply *lime juice.*

Singular Abstinence from Food.

It is a well attested fact, that during the last century, John Ferguson of the parish of Kilmichael, Argyleshire, Scotland, lived eighteen years on no kind of aliment, except water, or clarified whey, which drink he used very seldom. He was thin, but not remarkably so, and able to attend to the care of cattle, which was his business, walking four or five miles a day.

Six Days in the Snow.

Joanna Crippen, a poor worsted-spinner, of Dorset, England, on the night of the 24th January, 1740, was overtaken by a snow storm on her way home, and lay under a drift for six days, when she was finally discovered and released by some neighbors. She was but very slightly frost-bitten, and entirely recovered.

Gigantic American.

Andreas Theret, in his description of America, tells us that he was shown by a Spanish merchant the skull and bones of an American giant, who was eleven feet five inches in height, and died in the year 1559.

"Convey the bandit named Arroyo, the solemn promise that he has nothing to fear, if he shows himself; I place this condition not on the pardon, but the reprieve which humanity makes it my duty to grant him."

"O, I have no need of your word!" cried the bandit, impudently, as he showed himself beside Don Mariano. "Have I not within here hostages which answer better for my life? Well—what would you of Arroyo, Senor Captain?"

With the veins of his forehead swollen, his lips quivering and his eye inflamed at the sight of one of his father's assassins, of the man he had so long and vainly followed, the bandit whom he might seize alive but was about to liberate, the captain required a moment to appease the impetuous passions that convulsed his heart. But, without perceiving it, his clenched hand forcibly drew his rein, his spurs rowelled the flanks of his horse, and the animal, rearing upright, descended with a plunge, almost against the gate of the hacienda. It seemed as if the cavalier wished to leap the obstacle which separated him from the ferocious guerillero. The bandit could not repress a gesture of affright.

"What I would of Arroyo," said the captain, "is to engrave his features deep in my memory, that I never may mistake them when I hunt him to fasten him alive to my horse's tail."

"If you sent for me only to pay me such compliments as these—"

And the bandit made a feint of re-entering the hacienda.

"Hear me!" cried Don Rafael. "Your life is safe—I promised it—humanity makes it my duty to spare you."

"So I am under no obligation, captain?"

"Your gratitude would be an insult; but if, in the bit of bloody filth that serves you for a heart there is a spark of courage, mount your horse, take what arms you please, and come out of this enclosure alone; I defy you to combat."

The captain, as he said this, rose in his stirrups, and his noble features offered a striking contrast to the low and ferocious countenance of the man he challenged. The insult uttered by Don Rafael, struck him home, but Arroyo felt brave enough only to swallow it.

"Pshaw!" said he, affecting to jest—"Fifty against one!"

"I here solemnly pledge the word of a gentleman before my soldiers, before God, whatever be the issue of the combat, that is, if I fall, you shall be unharmed."

For a moment the bandit stood mute and undecided. He appeared to be weighing the chances of this combat; but he had too often learned to know the personal valor of the captain to reckon them in his favor. He dared not accept.

"I refuse," said he.

"Keep your horse, then—I will fight on foot," said Don Rafael.

"Demon! I refuse, I tell you."

"I thought so. But hear me once again. I give you my word that nothing shall be done to you, if you permit the residents of this house as I shall designate, to leave it with me and place themselves under the protection of a loyal enemy."

"I still refuse," replied Arroyo.

"Go! you are not a man," cried Don Rafael. "And, when this hand shall clutch you, instead of treating you like a man, you shall die under the lash, like a base hound."

After having flung him this terrible adieu, the captain whirled his horse round, and turned his back on the bandit with a gesture of profound contempt. The trumpet rang out anew and the detachment resumed the road to the mountains. Don Rafael bore away from this interview, the result of which was so painful to him, a profound resentment for the too severe words of Don Mariano, besides the mortal anxiety he felt at the idea of leaving his two daughters in the power of such a master as Arroyo.

His fears, however, on this head, were only partially realized, for two days afterwards he learned from one of his scouts that this time Arroyo and Bocardo had left the province after having plundered the hacienda, without subjecting the inhabitants of Las Palmas to any other indignity. Captain Tres Villas then prepared to obey the orders he had received to join his corps. Caldelas had just obtained a command, and both had set forth, leaving the garrison del Valle under the orders of a Catalan lieutenant named Varragay.

Don Rafael had taken an active part in the battle of Calderon, where, with six thousand men, General Calleja dispersed Hidalgo's hundred thousand insurgents. Since then, he had constantly waged war at different points, and he was returning from San Blas to Oajaca, in the vessel of which we had a momentary glimpse, where on his arrival, fresh orders despatched him to the siege of Huajapam. His old brother-in-arms, Caldelas, was there with the brevet rank of general, while, less fortunate in this respect, Don Rafael held only the grade of colonel.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[Back numbers of The Flag of our Union containing the first chapters of this story, can be had at our office of publication or at any of the periodical depots.]

A MONOMANIAC.

It is very well known that, by the laws of England, the Lord Chancellor is made to be the guardian of the persons and property of all such individuals as are said to be no longer of sound mind and good disposing memory—in fine, to have lost their senses. Lord Chancellor Loughborough once ordered to be brought to him a man against whom the heirs wished to take out a statute of lunacy. He examined him very attentively, and put various questions to him, to all of which he made very sensible and appropriate answers. "This man mad!" thought he; "verily, he is one of the ablest men I ever met with." Towards the end of his examination, however, a little scrap of paper, torn from a letter, was put into Lord Loughborough's hands, on which was written "Ezekiel." This was enough for such a shrewd and able man as his lordship. He forthwith took his cue. "What fine poetry," said the chancellor, "is in Isaiah!" "Very fine," replied the man, "especially when read in the original Hebrew." "And how well Jeremiah wrote!" "Surely," said the man. "What a genius, too, was Ezekiel!" "Do you know him?" said the man; "I'll tell you a secret—*I am Ezekiel!*"—*London Leader.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

LINES

Inscribed to Grenville Perrin.

BY WILLIS WARE.

It is the twilight hour,
The hour for peaceful rest;
The sun is fast receding,
In the far and distant west.

The stars are shining brightly,
The moon is full and clear,
But my heart is sad and dreary,
For thou, love, art not near.

The scenes of mirth and pleasure
Are all forgot by me,
While in this hour of tranquil rest,
My thoughts they turn to thee.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE SKELETON FRIEND.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

THE traveller who proceeds directly from Paris to Antwerp, cannot help remarking the vast difference in every feature of the two cities. Instead of the numerous and brilliant palaces which abound in the French metropolis, you see at Antwerp the quaint and venerable old mansions which have perhaps been occupied by ancestors of whom the present dwellers have never heard. As great a difference is seen in the inhabitants. Staid and profound-looking burghers take the place of gay Parisians, and while the latter are engaged in promenading the streets of their city, the former are seated before their doors emitting huge clouds of smoke drawn from capacious pipes, and engaged in cogitations best known to themselves. And although a lifetime might be spent in Paris without a person's seeing all the attractions which it offers, the very quaintness and mystery presiding over the good old city of Antwerp had more interest for me. Day after day found me strolling in various parts of it, and becoming more and more interested with the different phases of character which I chanced to see.

Upon one occasion, I was standing at the meeting of two streets and observing the difference in the manner and dress of those who passed. Being much interested in my occupation, it was some time before I was aware that a hand had been laid upon my shoulder, and that its owner was endeavoring to attract my attention to himself. When at last I turned around, I saw a person whom I judged to be a student—tall and spare in body, and much emaciated in appearance. His eyes were of that kind which seem to pierce like arrows; they were so in a remarkable degree, but they possessed a kind of wandering and dreamy expression, which ever and anon changed to a kind of fierceness and suggested the thought of insanity. But his glance towards me was one of affection and interest, and at the same time one of fascination. He spoke with no apology for what might be deemed an intrusion, but said:

"Are you a stranger in this city?"

"I am," I replied; "although I have sojourned here so long that it seems much like home."

"Have you made any acquaintances during your stay?"

"None beyond the people who dwell in the same house with me, and I rarely see them."

"That being the case, I can readily suppose that you wish for a friendship with somebody. You are not a misanthrope?"

I smiled at the earnest manner in which the question was propounded, and answered in the negative.

"I needed not to have asked the question, for your countenance is proof positive that you are not. I thought for a moment that I had discovered a kindred spirit; but perhaps it is as well for me, and certainly better for you as it is. Now can you put trust enough in a stranger, like me, to come to a place which I shall name, and meet me this evening? I tell you frankly that I, being a man-hater, would not do it; but with you, the case is different. Will you come?"

The frankness of his speech disarmed any suspicion which I may have entertained, and without any reflection I gave him my promise.

"That is well," said he; and placing a card in my hand, he walked away with a hasty and nervous step, stopping at the street-corner to nod to me, and then disappeared, leaving me to reflect upon the adventure which this meeting promised.

Although I walked much more than usual that day, my mind was not bent as usual upon seeing and hearing everything new. The recollection of the strange interview which I had held with this unknown kept occurring to me, and the recollection of his strange and ghastly appearance haunted me like an ill-omened dream. In my unusual absence of mind, I had forgotten to read what was written upon the card which I still held in my hand. I looked at it and read "Gustave Liemann, opposite the old cathedral." The name was unfamiliar to me, and afforded no clue to any certainty. An undefinable idea had taken possession of me that this Liemann was in some way connected with my destiny. It did not seem like the offspring of a speculating brain, but a true presentiment—vague and uncertain, but coming with such force that I doubted not for an instant that his being was to affect mine in some way yet to be disclosed.

The history of my life seemed to confirm this belief. My native village was Cannes, in France. Of my parents, I had not the slightest recollection, for they were carried off by a prevailing epidemic when I was but two years of age. I was then adopted by an uncle, the richest person in the vicinity, who had conceived a strong attachment for me, and who, I remember it distinctly, often told me that I should be his heir. His affection for me increased as I advanced in age, and I being the only person upon the earth for whom he had any great regard, I soon came to a proper knowledge of his kindness. His domains were vast in extent, stretching over many leagues of forest and meadow, besides which it was commonly reported that his wealth in solid coin was great. My education was carefully attended to, and everything was done for me by him. He had but one relation beside myself; he was also his nephew, and my cousin, although I had never seen him. My uncle said very little concerning him, but I well knew that for some crime he was banished from the house, and that he was often supplied with money by my benefactor. He was spoken of as about ten years older than myself, and possessing an evil disposition.

Very pleasant were the eighteen years that I lived with my uncle at his country-seat in Cannes, seeing little of the world and caring less. For what had I to gain by wandering, while such content was mine beneath his roof-tree? My highest desire was to stay with him and be the comfort of his declining years; but this was denied. One pleasant spring morning, he was found dead in his bed. His appearance was awful, for his features were contracted with an expression of agony, and a white froth had issued from his mouth. I knew instantly that he had been poisoned; and though shocked beyond measure, I set earnestly to work to find the assassin. But it was in vain; not the least trace could be discovered. True, the servants had heard unusual noises the night before in his room, and I myself had heard a horse galloping away down the road at midnight, but the rest was all conjecture. My suspicions rested on the unknown cousin, but it was only suspicion, unsupported by proof.

I performed the last offices of love to my uncle, and many were the friends from all quarters that gathered about his last home on earth, for he was widely known and loved. His mysterious fate was the subject of general horror and surprise; but, as I have said, no traces of his murderer were discovered. His body had laid in the tomb several days before I thought of looking for a will. I had never mentioned the subject to him, but I had no doubt that he had made his last will in favor of me; indeed, I had no suspicion otherwise after he had said so many times that I should be his heir What was then my surprise, upon looking over his private papers, to find no such instrument whatever! My astonishment was increased, as I looked further, for I found that the lock to a certain drawer had been forcibly burst off, and its contents were scattered about in confusion.

My thoughts instinctively wandered back to that fatal night when the noise had been heard in my uncle's room, succeeded by the galloping away of a horse. Then I saw the whole; the villain nephew in the dead of night had entered the house, killed its owner, stolen his will, and made his escape. The magnitude of the discovery overwhelmed me. That this unknown cousin had formed a plot to wrest from me the wealth which was rightfully mine, I had no doubt; but I could not see how it was to be done, unless by a forged will, and if any such scheme should be started, I resolved to do my utmost to frustrate it. But my doubts were all solved in a few days after, for a notary called upon me and displayed a document, headed, "The last will and testament of Jaques Delcroix, made April 21st, 182–," in which all his property, both landed and personal, was bequeathed to his nephew, Wilhelm Strauss.

I knew that this will was no forgery; I could have sworn to the signature of my uncle which was attached to it. Besides which, were the autographs of several witnesses whom I knew to be persons of honor, all of whom were still living, and it was executed one year before I was adopted by my uncle. I now saw everything clearly. My cousin (how I hated the name!) had discovered the existence of a subsequent will made in my favor, and had taken a favorable opportunity to steal it. The notary informed me that he was vested with full power to take possession of the domain immediately, and that the owner intended to enter into possession in person in about a week. I determined never to look upon his hateful face, and if I could not visit him with the punishment he so richly deserved, I would at least disappoint him in the pleasure which he doubtless anticipated in turning me from the roof which was so dear to me. I bade a hasty adieu to the many old haunts, and taking my little property with me, I departed from my native Cannes for Paris.

I was fortunate in meeting an old friend of my uncle's in Paris, who immediately placed me in a position where I received a good salary, and was enabled to save a considerable sum yearly. This I resolved to lay by till it should amount to sufficient to allow of my travelling and seeing with my own eyes various parts of Europe, of which I had read. And it was not merely the desire of travelling for its pleasure that impelled me—it was a kind of second nature which had grown upon me, and I was somehow possessed with the idea that my wrongs were to be righted soon, and that I should make some discovery tending to that result. At all events, five years after the death of my uncle found me in Antwerp. I was then twenty-five years of age; the day that I met the stranger was my birthday.

An hour after sunset, I took my way in the direction of the old cathedral. It was in a very handsome quarter of the town, and I wondered that the stranger's residence should be located there, when his appearance indicated poverty. I thought I had made a mistake when I arrived at the handsomest house in the vicinity and saw that it was opposite the cathedral. A servant waiting at the door, asked me to follow him, and he conducted me to an apartment on the second floor, where he left me. The room was almost dark; the little light in it was shed by the fire in the grate, which threw its radiance on the walls in fantastic figures. Seated by it was the stranger, his head buried in his hands. The furniture was of the costliest kind, and the whole aspect of the room was one of cheerfulness. But its effect was certainly lost upon Liemann, as I remembered his name to be, for his appearance was much more strange than when I had met him in the morning. As he rose to meet me, I was startled by the wan and haggard look of his countenance. He welcomed me with a few words, and handing me a chair, he resumed his attitude of thought, while ever and anon his frame shook as if in pain.

He at length broke the somewhat painful silence which had ensued, and said:

"My friend, did you ever read the old story of the Venetian mother, who, when her son had fallen sick and was at the point of death, was informed in a vision that his cure depended upon a garment being wrought for him by a happy and virtuous woman?—and how, when she went forth to seek such a one, she found in one house the skeleton of a lover whom a jealous husband had slain, and in every house where she sought was found the shadow of some woe which had fallen upon it? Is there a skeleton in your own house?"

This question took me by surprise, but I answered:

"Alas, yes! I have a dreadful skeleton in my home—a monstrous dread and sorrow to me!"

"But is yours a real skeleton?—is it the fabric of a former being whose bones rattle in echo to your sorrowful thoughts, or is it only the remembrance of some former sorrow?"

He fixed his piercing eyes upon me as he spoke, and kept his gaze fastened upon me. A nameless dread seized me, and I forgot to answer his question.

"I ask you," he continued, "because I have resolved to partially unbosom myself to you. I have a skeleton—I call him my friend, and perhaps he is, for I commune with no other object. But his presence brings perpetual horror to my soul and fosters the worm which is gnawing at my breast. It is *remorse*—the upbraidings of an outraged conscience are killing me—my punishment is truly greater than I can bear!"

He covered his face with both his hands, and I thought that he wept; but when he raised his face again, I saw that his eyes were dry. After a short silence, he spoke:

"I will show you my skeleton, and perhaps it may relieve my pain if you can afford to pity my miserable condition."

He went to the side of the mantel and pressed a spring in the wall. A long panel raised up and disclosed a narrow closet. And there, hung to the wall and vibrating and grinning with a terrifying effect, was a skeleton! My heart sickened at the sight, and I turned away, wondering more and more at the strangeness of the being who stood by my side.

"It is more like a dream than a reality," he continued, "that for the last four years I have lived constantly with a skeleton. I have plunged into the wildest dissipation, in the vain endeavor to shake off the consciousness of my terrible guilt, but the skeleton is always present. Sometimes I have endeavored to gain courage to destroy it, but the form of him whom this lot of rattling bones once was would rise before me, and my purpose would be destroyed. You are the only person whose sympathy I have ever sought, and heartily do I thank you for it. Will you tell me your name?"

"Certainly—I should have told you before. It is Philip Delcroix."

He stood for a moment like one petrified: his face assumed an ashen hue and his frame quivered and shook. He leaned against the mantel for support, and before I could offer him any assistance he exclaimed:

"It is a judgment from Heaven! my cup is indeed full—it cannot be."

His strength seemed to have returned, for he started up and gazed steadfastly into my face. Then, as if assured, he groaned in the anguish of his spirit, and said:

"Explanation would be useless now, and I wish to be alone. Will you come to-morrow, and if I am not at home will you open this closet? believe me, it is for your good."

Bewildered by what I had seen and heard, I could do no less than promise. He rung for a servant to show me to the street, and said as I passed from the room:

"Remember! in that closet."

I reached my house, and threw myself upon my bed. My thoughts were mixed up in an inextricable whirl. What was the strange interest that this mysterious Liemann took in me? what did it portend—and his skeleton friend, too; what had I to find in that closet? I could settle nothing definite in my mind. Wearied with unavailing thought I fell into a troubled sleep which lasted through the day, and tossed on a sleepless couch all night. I had indeed fallen into a strange mystery. I awoke early after a slight sleep, and paced my apartment until the sun arose. Then I sallied out towards the house of Liemann, for my suspense was like a dagger in my breast. The servant did not think that his master had arisen, but he admitted me to his chamber. As the servant closed the door behind him I glanced at the couch and saw that it had not been occupied. I sat down for a moment and then walked to the corner of the mantel. I hesitated for an instant and then pressed the spring. The panel flew and the closet was revealed. My head swam with dizziness, and I almost fainted. Recovering in a moment I opened my closed eyes and looked again. There, stretched out at the feet of his skeleton lay Gustave Liemann, his face turned upward, and the damp of death gathered on his brow. A knife lying on the floor showed the manner of his death, and he grasped a folded paper in his hand. I know not how I summoned sufficient resolution to unclose the rigid grasp of death and take the paper, but when I did so I saw that it was directed to myself. Unmindful of the place, or the terrible spectacle before me I sat down to obtain a knowledge of the mystery in which I was so strangely involved. The manuscript read as follows:

"At length the moment has arrived when I am compelled to make confession of my crimes and give up my ill-gotten wealth to its rightful owner. You, Philip Delcroix, are my cousin! Yes—the poor mass of miserable clay which now lies at your feet is all that remains of Wilhelm Strauss, known to you as Gustave Liemann. Can you pardon the crimes of one who has already suffered the torments of a second hell, and who is willing to make the reparation which lies in his power? believing that you can and will, one pang at least is spared me in my last moments. You have conjectured how I murdered our uncle, and the base artifice that I used to obtain his wealth. Alas! you have yet to learn the sequel. You can imagine that the stings of conscience tormented me. I was a restless and unhappy being, the prey of every roving fancy of the brain. I was suddenly seized with an intense desire to possess the *skeleton of the murdered uncle*. It amounted to a kind of insanity, and day and night I was followed by this desire. I was compelled to gratify it. I caused the coffin to be taken from the tomb, and with my own hands opened the lid. I found therein the ghastly phantom which has since then almost driven me mad. I was not myself—I was controlled and urged on by some invisible power. I was forced to look many times a day upon my skeleton friend, as I bitterly said to you, and the poisoned arrows of remorse and conscience worked deeper and deeper. I left my home—I came to Antwerp—but the mighty power that controlled me compelled me to take the skeleton. Five horrible years have I passed in this manner. I saw you: the same spirit drove me to make your acquaintance. The agony of a lifetime seemed concentrated in that awful moment when I first discovered your identity. Pardon me Philip, if you can, and pray for me. The will which your uncle made for you is in the drawer of the large book-case; I could not destroy it. Farewell—let my fate warn you! I must die—O, conscience, cease thy pains!"

Here the writing ceased. The events of two days had crowded upon me so rapidly, that my brain seemed boiling with emotion. What thoughts were mine as I stood in the presence of those strange dead! The last scene in the strange drama was completed, and the skeleton grinned as if in triumph over the form of his destroyer. But gentler feelings took possession of my mind—I thought of the miserable Strauss, pursued through long years of suffering by the consciousness of his terrible guilt, and the dreadful expiation which he had made, and feelings of pity predominated in my breast.

I found the will in the place directed by the dying confession. Again I lived in the old mansion at Cannes, and once more called the dear old place my own. The ashes of Wilhelm Strauss and my uncle repose in the old tomb, and let us hope that the former is truly at rest. And if my life has thus far had the appearance of sadness, although my heart can never grow old, the remembrance of the story which I have related must be the excuse.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

In the year 1724, Franklin visited Boston, and on his return to Philadelphia, at every stopping, he was beset with officious inquiries for his name, business, etc., on which he determined to be beforehand in such interrogatories in future. At the next tavern he announced himself as Benjamin Franklin, from Boston to Philadelphia, a printer, not worth a dollar, eighteen years of age, a single man, seeking his fortune, etc., and this singular introduction checked all further inquiries, and effectually repulsed the darling propensity of Yankee inquisitiveness. At one of the public houses the fire-place was surrounded by men so closely packed that our traveller could not approach near enough to feel any of its agreeable warmth, and being cold and chilled, he called out:

"Hostler, have you any oysters?"

"Yes, sir," said the man.

"Well, then give my horse a peck."

"What! give your horse oysters?" cried the wondering skeptic.

"Yes," retorted Franklin, "give him a peck of oysters."

The hostler caried out the oysters, and many of the occupiers of the fire-place went with him to witness the great curiosity of a horse eating oysters. Franklin seated himself comfortably before the fire and derived much satisfaction and enjoyment from his funny experiment. Soon the men came in, and the company with rueful faces expressed most decided dissatisfaction at their disappointment. "The horse would not eat the oysters, sir," and they had lost their cosy comfortable warm seats.

"Well," said Franklin, "if the horse wont eat them, I'll eat them myself, and you may try him with a peck of oats."—*Journal of Progress.*

WHAT SHALL WE EAT?

Both in England and this country, the amount of nutriment used, except by the half-starved portion of the English laborers, is much greater than is necessary for the performance of the greatest amount of labor, and the maintaining of health and long-life. The length of life among the working classes of England, is greater at this time than in the time of Queen Elizabeth, when even her majesty breakfasted on beefsteak alone. Our food is generally too concentrated, and hence the Graham flour has been found to be more healthful than flour entirely free from the external coatings of the grain.

We find the horse and other animals suffer materially, if fed on too concentrated food; and it is equally true of man, in a degree. Thus we find the Irish and Scotch laborers who subsist on oat-meal and potatoes, provided they have sufficient of these, are more healthy, and able to perform a larger amount of labor than those who use more concentrated food. Probably a regimen half-way between these and the ordinary meat diet of the Americans would be superior to either, for all purposes desired. For those who use large amounts of meat, butter, etc., rice is a good division, and may be used with advantage. —*Working Farmer.*

USE OF SALT ON THE FARM.

A practical farmer of twenty years' experience informs us that it has been his plan for many years to use salt with the turnips which he feeds to his milch cows, and that by it he is enabled to have the best of butter in winter, without the least disagreeable taste. His method is to cut his turnips in the root cutter at least twelve hours before he intends to feed them. They are then thoroughly salted and allowed to stand until fed out. In this way and by never milking the cows immediately after feeding, he is never troubled with any taste either in the milk or butter. We have tried a similar plan, and have fed out a large crop of turnips to milch cows with great advantage, at a time when turnips were selling at a price which would have hardly paid for their transportation to market.—*Lowell Courier.*

FACTS ABOUT FEET.

Some one learned in the comparative size and "getting up" of national "understandings," says that the French foot is meagre, narrow, and bony; the Spanish is small and elegantly formed, its Moorish blood corresponding with its Castilian pride, "high in the instep." The Arab foot is proverbial for its high arch; "a stream can run under the hollow of his foot," is the description of its form. The foot of the Scotch is large and thick—the English foot is short and fleshy. The American foot is apt to be disproportionately small, and combines the peculiarities of each nation, as the chance may be.—*Investigator.*

[Gathered for The Flag of our Union.]

A Budget of Fun.

The editor of the "Wring and Twist" says he has seen the contrivance which our lawyers use when they "warm up with the subject." He merely says, "it's a glass concern and holds about a pint."——We note in the New York Tribune the advertisement of a lady for a husband. "None need apply under six feet!" Whew! that woman goes in ferociously for *hy-men.*——"Bill, is your father an early riser?" "I guess you'd think so. He is drunk every morning before six o'clock—if I'm not mistaken, that takes down your old man."——A foppish fellow advised a friend not to marry a poor girl, as he would find matrimony with poverty "uphill work." "Good," said his friend, "I would rather go up hill than down hill any time."——A person choked with a potato will find instant relief by swallowing a pumpkin.——"Illustrated with cuts," said a young urchin, as he drew his jack-knife across the leaves of his grammar.——At Driffield the parochial authorities advertised on the church door for a "Saxon!" (sexton), and a wag waited upon them to know "if a Dane would do?"——Sum for boys. If a newspaper editor "stops the press to announce," what would he do if it was a pound?——The farmer whose pigs were so lean that it took two of them to make a shadow, has been beaten by another, who had several so lean that they would crawl out through the cracks in their pen. He finally stopped that by tying knots in their tails.——A lad, who had lately gone to service, having had salad served up for dinner every day for a week, ran away "because," said he, "they made me eat grass in the summer, and I wur afraid they'd make me eat hay in the winter, so I wur off."——"What is the reason," said one Irishman to another, "that you and your wife are always disagreeing?" "Because," replied Pat, "we are both of one mind—she wants to be master, and so do I."——It's a good horse that never stumbles and a good wife that never grumbles.——An auctioneer at a sale of antiquities, put up a helmet, saying, "Ladies and gentlemen, this is a helmet of Romulus the Roman founder, but whether he was a brass or iron founder history does not inform us."

News Glances.

ADULTERATION OF FLOUR AND BREAD.—The London Lancet continues its interesting investigations into the adulteration of food and medicine. The last article takes up the subject of flour and bread, in which it is shown that the London bakers use rice, beans, barley, rye flour, Indian meal, salt and alum in their bread. These adulterations are so managed as to escape the detection of the public, while they very materially add to the profits of the bakers. The adulteration of food seems to have been carried to perfection in England. There is scarcely an article of human consumption that is not in some way tampered with, so as to increase the profits of the dealer.

CLOVER SEED.—The Perrysburg Journal gives the result of some interesting experiments of Mr. Shively, of Wood county, in raising clover seed. From five acres he got by an early mowing, twelve tons of clover, which he sold for $144. He then let the grass run to seed, and produced from these five acres nineteen bushels of seed, which sold at $5 75 per bushel, making $109 25; so that the whole product of his five acres was $253 25, or $50 65 per acre.

ARTIFICIAL FUEL.—The English journals speak in terms of warm commendation of a new kind of fuel, the ingredients of which are simply coal dust and coal tar pitch, in certain proportions, amalgamated by chemical means peculiar to the inventor. It is stated that two hundred tons of this fuel will perform the same work, in generating steam, as three hundred tons of coal, such as is generally used.

GEOLOGICAL PHENOMENA.—It is stated that the upper crust of the State of Florida lies on a series of arches of great magnitude above the channels of innumerable rivers, and the gurgling of springs and subterranean creeks. There are two thousand mineral and thermal springs in Florida. Prof. Agassiz says that Florida owes its existence to the coral worm and other marine animalculæ.

HISTORICAL PAINTING.—The legislature of Maryland has appropriated a sum of money for the purpose of securing an historical painting connected with the Revolution. The order for said picture, as we are informed, has been given to Edwin White, Esq., of New York. The subject of the picture will be "Washington resigning his commission at Annapolis."

A PENNY SAVED.—Those who pay their newspaper postage for a quarter in advance, save one half. The postage on a weekly newspaper out of the State in which it is printed, is twenty-six cents a year if paid quarterly in advance. In the State and out of the county, thirteen cents.

A GOOD EXAMPLE.—Agile fire company No. 6, of Newburyport, have voted that no spirituous liquor shall hereafter be allowed in their house or at meetings of theirs, and that the company shall not accept of any when offered at fires.

WHISKEY.—In Cincinnati there are nine millions of gallons of whiskey annually sold; in New York nearly sixteen millions. The sales in Albany will aggregate about six hundred thousand gallons a year.

HARNESSED WOLVES.—A span of wolves regularly trained to the harness, were recently drawn, amid a crowd of yelping, apparently indignant dogs, and wondering people, down Fourth and Pine Streets, St. Louis, Mo.

SINGULAR FACT.—A large merchant and importer says that, in the United States, we are paying more duty on artificial flowers than on railroad iron!

GROWING FACILITIES.—Chicago is becoming the religious metropolis of the West; there will soon be within and around it not less than five theological seminaries.

MINNESOTA.—The St Paul Democrat says that the new State of Minnesota will contain more valuable land and navigable waters than any State in the Union.

WESTERN THRIFT.—There are 400 saw mills in the pineries of Michigan, and 15,000 men engaged in getting out lumber.

NEW YORK FERRIES.—It is estimated that 50,000 persons pass over the New York ferries daily.

HARRISON'S TOMB.—The tomb of General Harrison at North Bend is going to decay and ruin.

THE GALLANT SWISS.—It is said the Swiss can muster an army of 220,000.

BY WHAT RIGHT?—A British naval depot is to be established at Panama.

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MATURIN M. BALLOU,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

☞ Terms of the Flag of our Union, $2,00 per annum, invariably in advance, being discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for. See imprint on last page.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

George H. T.—By writing to Burnham Bros., Antique Bookstore, Cornhill, Boston, you can obtain any book you order.

C. C. P.—The number of passengers conveyed by the railroads in the United States last year was 74,000,000.

G. W. W.—We believe that Kossuth is the owner of 1000 acres of land in Texas. This was a present to him while he was travelling in this country, and while the enthusiasm for the great Hungarian was at fever heat.

R. V.—Col. Benton's abridgment of the debates of Congress will furnish you all the information you desire.

M. V. C.—It is pretty generally conceded that corporal punishment in schools had better be done away with. When a boy is so bad as to require the lash he ought to be expelled.

Farmer.—The value of the Chinese sugar cane is not yet fully decided. The impression is that it will make an excellent fodder crop at least.

G. R. C.—Parker & White, in Blackstone Street, will furnish you with any trees or seeds to your order.

M. C.—The largest pear we remember to have read of was a pound pear raised in California. Its weight when picked was three pounds seven ounces.

Dramatist.—271 new plays were brought out at the different theatres of Paris during the last year.

A. A., Lexington, Mass.—The battle of Leipsic was fought October 16–19, 1813. In it Napoleon experienced his first decisive defeat from the allies. By this great battle Germany was freed from the French yoke. The Germans call it Volkersshlact—the "battle of the nations."

M. V.—You will find a splendid description of the Moorish remains in Irving's "Tales of the Alhambra." Portions of the palaces remain to attest their former splendor

Missionary.—The people of Dahomey, Africa, are all pagans, and their worship, Fetish.

Sunday Scholar.—The services at the King's Chapel, in this city, are of the form used in the Episcopal Church, but the doctrines preached are Unitarian. In the time of the Revolution the congregation was composed almost entirely of Royalists.

R. R.—Brownsville, Texas, was named after Major Brown, commander of the garrison, who was mortally wounded by a shell from the Mexican batteries, May 6, 1846, while General Taylor, with the main body of his forces, was engaged in opening a communication with Point Isabel.

G. C.—The name of one of the Titans, "Japetus," is strikingly similar to Japhet, mentioned in the Bible, whose descendants peopled Europe, and it is remarkable that in the Greek traditions, Japetus is called the "Father of Mankind." Some have considered the Titans descendants of Gomer, son of Japhet.

Inquirer.—The patriot, James Otis, was killed by a flash of lightning in Andover, Mass., May 23, 1783

NINE YEARS AGO.

The memory of 1848—a memorable year for Europe—was called to our mind, lately, by reading an account of a celebration of the anniversary of the French revolution of that year by a body of exiles in New York. The American flag sheltered many of the luckless men who participated in the events of the "Battle Summer." Many ohers have died in exile, or languish in chains, or sadly pine under the continental despots they sought to overthrow. How vividly present, as we write, seem the emotions called up by the news that Paris had risen in arms, that cannon and muskets had rang along the Seine, that the citizen king had fled, that the revolutionists were in possession of the Hotel de Ville and the Arsenal, and that the republic had been proclaimed! We seem to see Lamartine, in whom we thought we beheld a second Washington, standing in the balcony of the hotel, with ten thousand muskets levelled at his breast by the ruffians of the Faubourgs, and yet refusing to give them the red flag which they demanded, and which had been "trailed in the blood of Frenchmen through the Champ de Mars," insisting on the adoption of the tricolor which had made the tour of the world in a halo of glory. And then we behold all Paris—all France—rejoicing in the restoration of a republic.

Other nations catch the fiery impulse. Germany shakes off her fetters—Italy is alive—Poland breathes once more—and gallant Hungary arises against the despot. Alas, the hopes awakened by that brief period of convulsion are withered! The folly and incompetence of revolutionists, the might and union of despots prevailed over the good cause. The fetters were re-locked on the limbs that had spurned them from one end of the continent to the other. Yet we do not despair. As soon should we think, because the sun set in clouds, that he will never rise again, glorious and effulgent. The daystar of liberty in Europe cannot be quenched. The funeral pall that hides it will once again be drawn, and its light shine upon the dark places of the earth. More resolute champions of liberty yet will arise—other leaders, including all of the past who were true in the hour of trial, like Kossuth and Garibaldi, will take the field, and the victory they achieve will be decisive.

Long Life.—People live longer now-a-days than they used to do. Professor Buchanan, in a recent lecture, stated that in the sixteenth century the average duration of life was eighteen years, whereas at present it is forty-three years. And then, with increased life, we are more industrious, which accounts for the immense strides of civilization in the nineteenth century.

Too true.—Mrs. Lucy Stone Blackwell said in a lecture, lately, that we hear a great deal about hen pecked husbands and little about rooster-pecked wives. We presume if the ladies managed the press, it would teem with tales of masculine brutality.

Suicides.—The suicidal mania appears to be spreading. Only a short time since, a boy in New York, smarting from a reprimand from his step-father, took a dose of arsenic and died in consequence.

Personal.—Herman Melville, the author, is now sojourning in Southern Italy. He went abroad to recover his health, and we are happy to learn, has succeeded.

Great Robbery.—Madame Rush, of Philadelphia, has had $20,000 worth of jewels stolen from her.

Aphorism.—He who writes what is wrong, wrongs what is right.

GREAT CITIES.

There is an old saying—"God made the country and man made the town;" and many who are in the enjoyment of a country residence are apt to proceed further and to say, that since cities are the handiwork of man, they must be all evil. This, of course, is both puerile and irreverent. We cannot all live in the country—we cannot all be farmers, no matter how high and elevated agriculture is. Unless we are willing to ignore civilization, we accept these great gatherings of men in builded marts as conditions and incidents of progress. And without these great centres of trade and commerce, what would a country life be?—a mere existence, bereft of refinement, elegance and comfort. Town and country are mutually dependent on each other—the very blood of life circulates through the veins and arteries of both. The great cities supply the wealth of the country; the country supplies the life of the city. And if the country improves the physical and moral character of the city by sending, from time to time, its hardy representatives to embark in trade or the professions, the city returns the compliment by despatching to country residences wealthy, refined and intelligent people, to disseminate the fruits of that high culture for which the city affords so many facilities.

Of course, city life has its dangers and its evils, the magnitude of which depends on the size of the locality. Great cities present the most amazing contrasts. If there are hundreds of churches, there are thousands of dens of infamy; if there are multitudes of high-toned people, there are enough, too, of the dregs of humanity; if there are boundless purses, there are also depths of poverty that no plummet-line can sound. Now and then the perpetration of a series of crimes, occurring in some great city like New York, and spread abroad on the countless wings of the press, produces a general cry of horror; the infected locality is pointed out as a modern Sodom, and every man whose next neighbor is a rifle shot off, is foolishly severe on cities in general, as if they were, in Dogberry's words, "tolerable and not to be endured."

But this is idle talk. On this continent, at least, even in the most densely-populated cities, the good outnumber the bad in the proportion of about twenty to one, and there is no reason why crime and rowdyism should get the upper hand. This can never be done, if good citizens unite with the single purpose of managing their affairs in the best possible manner. Party politics ought never to be introduced into the local affairs of a great city. For the head of its government the best man should be sought, and when that man is found, he should be heartily and zealously supported by all good citizens. What is done in small towns can be accomplished in great cities by the application of the same principles, as a well-trained battalion can be manœuvred as easily as a single company. We shall never believe that a great city must necessarily, from the very fact of its size, be a sink of iniquity.

IMITATIONS.

Imitations are always dangerous. The donkey who had seen the dog caressed for jumping up on his master, was soundly cudgelled for doing the same thing. It is related of a supernumerary in the time of Garrick, the actor, that on one occasion of the latter's appearance as King Lear, the "supe" fainted away from the effect. Garrick, like other spoiled favorites of the public, was gratified at this, and gave the man five guineas. On the next representation of the tragedy, a fellow auxiliary pretended to be *struck all of a heap;* but he managed the affair so awkwardly, that Garrick ordered his immediate discharge.

The last Dodge.—The emigrant runners, baffled in their impositions on poor immigrants by the arrangements of the authorities of New York, have resorted to a new trick. They take passage to Hamburg, return in an emigrant ship, and on the way hither sell their bogus travelling tickets to the poor foreigners. In this way many a family has been swindled out of their hard earnings.

A great Convenience.—Dexter & Brother, 14 and 16 Ann Street, New York, have got up a portfolio, cheap and convenient for our "Flag," which they sell at fifty cents each, designed as a temporary cover for the weekly issues of our paper, to hold it conveniently for reading, and at the same time to preserve it neat and clean for binding.

Fashionable News.—The reign of crinoline and hoops is over. Louis Napoleon has crushed them by a *coup d' etat*—the empress has succumbed. She has appeared at a ball, incredible as it may seem, without the abominations, and now all the world will follow suit. Hoop, hurrah!

Getting High.—Chimborazo, in Ecuador, South America, has been ascended by an Englishman and a Frenchman. They make it out to be 21,466 feet, and declare that it is easy both to ascend and descend—the latter particularly.

No Peaches.—The Cincinnati Commercial has fears for the coming peach crop in that vicinity, as the young buds are already bursting forth. Croaking begins early this year.

Marine Losses.—Lieut. Maury states that the average number of American vessels wrecked during the stormy month of March, is one for every eight hours.

A great Prize.—A resolution has passed the city council of Memphis, appropriating $5000 for the best plan of bridging the Mississippi.

Polite Phrase.—"Constitutionally tired," is now the polite way of expressing the fact that a man is naturally lazy.

Malden.—A town hall, of large proportions, is shortly to be erected in this flourishing place.

EDITORIAL INKDROPS.

Captain De Riviere, one of the bravest of the French Zouaves, has lately visited New York.

Sir William Boyd, an English gentleman, is lecturing in this country on English literature.

Queen Victoria is now thirty eight years of age—but as good-looking as she ever was.

Two persons of Bangor lately took the varioloid from a letter sent from Portland.

The attempts to raise cotton in Australia have been crowned with complete success.

Russia is engaged in building 2300 miles of railroads. She's a *rusher!*

The whole number of Protestant missionaries in the Pacific islands is 119.

A new Chinese paper has been started in Sacramento, California.

Dr. Harvey Burdell, it is said, was at one time editor of a paper.

Cater, the murderer of Warden Tenney of the State Prison, has exhibited no contrition.

In 1856, three thousand patents were issued to inventors in Great Britain.

The total receipts of all the railroads in the United States, last year, was $110,000,000.

The Illinois Central Railroad Company has contracted for 66 locomotives and 880 cars.

Seven thousand dollars were realized at a ball in New York for a nursery for children.

Daniel Webster, of Somers, is now warden of the Connecticut State prison.

Be careful how you offer Spanish quarters to beggars. They only credit you with twenty cents.

A young lady in Otsego county, N. Y., has a mania for sticking needles into her flesh.

Another lot of fine camels for the U. S. has been safely landed from storeship "Supply."

A Durham heifer, two years old, killed lately at Lancaster, Pa., weighed 1700 pounds.

The ice crop of the Philadelphia companies, this season, amounts to 120,500 tons.

Messrs. Russell & Richardson, of this city, employ seven presses in printing sheet music.

There are no fewer than six thousand cartmen in the city of New York.

The Legislature of Pennsylvania is burdened with applications for charters of new banks.

There have been appropriated $16,000,000 for the operation of the inland postal service this year.

OVER-WORK OF BRAIN.

We are glad to see that this theme is engaging public attention, with especial reference to the treatment of children, and the management of our schools. The fast spirit of the age has certainly not avoided the schoolroom and the academy, and the forcing of the mind has in too many cases kept pace with the forcing of flowers and grapes in our conservatories. If a school were a mental hot-house and children were expected to produce one or two harvests of accomplishments, and then be thrown aside, this would be well enough; but the boys and girls of to-day are the fathers and mothers of to-morrow, and we must be careful, in our desire to appear the smartest nation of all creation, that we do not prematurely exhaust the living proofs of it. E. E. Bradshaw, Esq., of this city, lately delivered at Charlestown a powerful lecture on this topic. He said, while arguing against the practice, that over-working of the brain was a common thing in our schools. The most trifling strain on a child's brain is apt to produce nervous disorders. Dr. Jackson's rule was that one third of a child's time should be spent in the play-ground. Precocious children, it is well known, rarely become distinguished in after life. On the other hand there are numerous examples of dull boys turning out the most shining lights of literature and science. Sheridan, Sir Isaac Newton, Goldsmith, Gibbon, Dryden, Milton, Swift, Sir Walter Scott, and many others, were not forward in youth, and yet became the glories of the world. Parents should look to it that the minds of their children are not developed at the expense of their bodies.

Lady Bulwer.—This amiable specimen of a female woman has lately written another novel, attacking her husband, entitled "Very Successful." His increasing reputation no doubt inflames her malevolence. We know not how justly she quarrelled and separated from Bulwer, but one thing is certain, that when a lady's pen deals in the coarsest billingsgate, she must expect to forfeit the sympathies of her own sex.

Hair on the Lip.—A young officer of the House of Commons wore a tremendous pair of moustaches, on which one of the members said: "My dear fellow, now the war is over, why don't you put your moustaches in the *peace establishment?*" "Had you not better put your tongue on the *civil list?*" was the prompt and happy retort.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.—This noted preacher now receives five thousand dollars for his ministration of the Plymouth Church, Brooklyn. He probably makes three thousand more by lecturing.

Really too bad.—A crusty old bachelor has made the following discovery: "No more women in heaven—they can't get in. Their hoops are so large that they will have to go the *broad road.*"

Religious Insanity.—The number of persons who become insane through the influence of religious hopes and fears, is much less than is generally supposed. Worldly causes usually produce insanity.

Suicide.—Throughout England the crime of suicide has recently been much on the increase, and in London it has latterly assumed frightful proportions.

Wagon Roads.—Congress has passed an act appropriating $550,000 for the construction of wagon roads across the continent.

Curious.—The original MS. of Hood's Song of the Shirt is now in the autograph collection of a New York gentleman.

Worth knowing.—Take away discretion, and virtue will become vice.

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NO FIRESIDE SHOULD BE
WITHOUT IT.

☞ The ladies like it.
☞ The gentlemen enjoy it.
☞ Children are delighted with it.

The number for the present week embraces the following contents:

"The Spanish Moor: or, The Convent of Alcala. A Story of the Throne, the Altar, and the Forest" A novellette of great interest, by Eugene Scribe.
"Childish Fancies," a poem by Nellie Wild.
"Zilari," a story of the Conquest of Mexico, by Richard Cranshaw.
"Chant of Worship, the Fane not made with hands," stanzas by Blanche D'Artois.
"Cousin Sara's First Ball," a tale by Esther Berne.
"Poets' Dreams," stanzas by Bell Bramble.
"The Avalanche," a tale of the Carbonari, by J. Grafton Allen.
"Death," verses by Sybil.
"The Holiday of Poverty," a story by William O. Eaton.
"Heaven," lines by C. G. Wilkes.
"Gossip with the Reader."

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Portrait of John Howard Payne, author of "Home, sweet Home."
Picture of an Algerine Family.
Application of the Egyptian Bastinado, a well-known Eastern punishment.
Representation of an Egyptian Infantry Soldier.
View of the Castle of Chillon.
Picture of a Neapolitan Calesso or Corricolo.
Scenes in Harrisburg, Penn., showing the United States Arsenal; the State House; the Reservoir, and the Court House.
Portrait of Francis A. Durivage, Esq.
View of the city of Geneva, Switzerland, from the Lake.
Portrait of Madame Clara Novello, the celebrated English Soprano.
View of the Island of Nisida, Italy.

⁂ The Pictorial is for sale at all the Periodical Depots in the United States, at six cents a copy.

☞ One copy of the Flag, and one copy of the Pictorial, when taken together, for $4 00 per annum.

Foreign Items.

The Persians have been much excited by the English invasion.

Arsinoe, the first English opera in the Italian style, was produced in 1705.

The performance of Schiller's drama of "William Tell," has been prohibited, for the present, at Munich.

The King of the Corea has opened all the ports of his territory voluntarily to the commerce of all nations.

It is said, on good authority, that Madame Novello has relinquished all idea of making the voyage to America, which has been so often announced in the transatlantic journals.

The head of Verger has been taken to the amphitheatre of the *Ecole de Medicine*, to be subjected to phrenological examination, and to allow casts to be taken from it.

Augustine Brohan, a very charming French actress, and sister of the celebrated Madeline Brohan (Rose Cheri's rival, and *protege* of Napoleon III.), has taken the place of M. About as *feuilletoniste* of the Paris *Figaro*. She is a most brilliant and *piquante* writer.

Parliament has published an account of the public income and expenditures for the year ending September 30, 1856. Total income from all regular sources of revenue, was £71,348,000, and total expenditures £88,307,000, being an excess of £16,959,000 sterling of expenditures over income.

Dewdrops of Wisdom.

It is a point of godly wisdom to be at peace with men, at war with vice.

To excuse one's self before he is accused, is to find a foul crack in a false conscience.

Most golden calves, when thrown into the crucible of time, turn out no better than pigs of lead!

Honest loss is preferable to dishonorable gain, for by the one a man suffers but once, by the other his suffering is lasting.

Be kind even in your reproofs, and reserve them till the morning. No one can sleep well who goes to bed with a flea in his ear.

To die without accomplishing anything, always intend to do something great hereafter, but neglect the present humble opportunity of usefulness.

A Flemish proverb thus involves the whole system of agriculture: "Without forage, no cattle; without cattle, no manure; without manure, no crop."

The man who is so fond of staking his reputation on the smallest trifle, generally retires from the contest before he is called upon to deposit his stake.

The belief that guardian spirits hover around the paths of men, covers a mighty truth; for every beautiful, and pure, and good thought which the heart holds, is an angel of mercy purifying and guarding the soul.

Joker's Budget.

What wig cannot a barber make? Ans.—Earwig.

"By your *leaf*," as the caterpillar said, when he dined off the cauliflower.

Who dare sit before the king with his hat on? Ans.—A coachman.

"I see better without wine and spectacles than when I use both," said Sidney Smith.

Life is a good deal like a pair of trousers—the comfort increases as the shine wears away.

It wont do for a man to bump his head against a stone fence, unless he believes his head is the hardest.

There is a girl in Schenectady whose hair is so red that she is obliged, on retiring at night, to put an extinguisher on her head, instead of a night-cap, to prevent a conflagration of the bed clothes.

A man who forbade his servant girl (who belonged to the same church with himself) going in and out of the front door of the house, was quietly asked by the girl if he supposed they would enter heaven by separate doors.

"Sambo, what's yer up to now-a-days?" "O, I'se a carpenter and jiner." "Ho, I guess yer is! What department does yer perform, Sambo?" "What department? I does de circular work." "What's that?" "Why, I turns de grin'stone."

Quill and Scissors.

The New Bedford Mercury says that a lady residing in that city was badly poisoned a few days since, by eating a few spoonfuls of preserved whortleberries, which had been put up in a tin case. The liquid from the berries had formed verdigris on the surface of the metal. For several hours she remained in a nearly insensible condition and was with difficulty brought to.

The papers recently contained an account of a man in Savannah who drew a $15,000 prize in the lottery, went on a spree, lost his money, and died in a fit. Almost such a case has within a few days occurred in Washington. A young man obtained a prize of $1500 in the Southern Military Academy Lottery, and has gone crazy in consequence.

It having been reported that the town of Woodstock, Vt., would give $75,000 towards building the new State House, if it should be located there, the Woodstock Age makes answer that Woodstock does not want any State House, and has not $75,000 to give, and would not give it if she had.

Mr. George Peabody, whose munificence has done so much for his native town of Danvers, has donated $300,000 for the establishment of an Institution in Baltimore, to embrace a free Library, a Musical Academy, and Picture Gallery The donation is to be increased to $500,000.

The Customs Revenue of Canada for the last fiscal year amounted to $4,363,000, which is an increase of $1,000,000 over the previous year. This increase has taken place under the new tariff, which abolished the 30 per cent. duty, and increased the specific duty on articles of luxury.

The revised code relative to the property of married women, now before the Rhode Island House of Representatives, has been amended so as to secure to their sole and separate use personal property of every kind, acquired either before or after marriage.

The supreme court of Ohio has just decided that James Simmons, who murdered two members of his father's family by poison, shall be hanged. Simmons was tried and convicted for the offence ten years ago, but owing to some informality was never sentenced.

Mr. B. F. Tenny received through the post-office a package of notes, due bills and valuable papers, which were in a pocket-book stolen from him at New Haven, nearly two years ago. About $25 in money taken at the same time was not returned.

The New York Tribune says the church in which the congregation of the Middle Reformed Dutch Society worshipped for many years, is being transformed into a liquor shop and bowling saloon.

A distinguished actress, now pursuing her profession in the various cities, has, it is said, criticisms on her acting lithographed and sent in advance, by mail, to the next city she is about to visit.

A new bank law passed by the legislature of Virginia prohibits the banks from issuing or paying out any bank "note for circulation, except of the denomination of five dollars, ten dollars, or of some multiple of ten dollars."

A newspaper lately spoke of "Mr. Broderick, the *screw-inventor*, from California." The editor, whose chirography must have been rather hard, had written "new Senator."

At Quito, in Ecuador, S. A., a remarkable shower of earth recently took place, causing much alarm. It was supposed to have come from some newly-opened volcano.

A free bridge is to be built immediately over the Merrimac between Boscawan and Canterbury, N. H., at an expense of $8000.

A fire at Cardiff, N. Y., recently destroyed the Methodist church and other property to the amount of $15,000.

Two valuable cows died recently at Greenwich, R. I., from licking a newly painted building.

A squirrel white as the driven snow has been caught near Darnestown, Va., and has become tame and playful.

Mrs. Conley's house, at New London, Ohio, was burnt in her absence, and her child, three years old, perished in the flames.

There are 400 mills in the pineries of Michigan, and 15,000 men engaged in getting out lumber.

The number is comparatively small who risk their own hard earnings on the desperate chances of gambling.

Aristotle giving alms to a worthless man said, "I do not give it to the man but to humanity."

Men, like watches, should be valued according to their correct goings.

Marriages.

In this city, by Rev. Dr. Barrett, Mr. Charles H. Francis to Miss Isabella J. Drew.

By Rev. Mr. Howe, Mr. David Higgins to Miss Antoinette N. Harriden.

By Rev. Mr. Gaylord, Mr. Nathan K. Holland to Miss Tamzene Twining.

By Rev. Mr. Stowe, Mr. Warren Grinnell to Miss Elizabeth Neale.

By Rev. Mr. Robinson, Mr. James Scott to Miss Jessie Dunbar.

By Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. Charles Wheeler to Miss Isabella Mennes.

By Rev. Mr. Edmunds, Mr. Winslow L. Rollins to Miss Mary S. Willard.

At Charlestown, by Rev. Mr. Hutchins, Mr. Henry A. Loud, of Salem, to Miss Susan E. Jones, of East Boston.

At Chelsea, by Rev. Mr. Rice, Mr. E. B. W. Restieaux, of Boston, to Miss Rebecca A. Wyeth.

At Salem, by Rev. Dr. Worcester, Mr. Samuel S. Hood, of Woburn, to Miss Elizabeth Henderson.

At Beverly, by Rev. Mr. Foster, Mr. Joseph L. Foster to Miss Sarah W. Haskell.

At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Dadmun, Mr. James W. Willis to Miss Rosalia C. Whitcomb.

At Duxbury, by Rev. Josiah Moore, Rev. George Bradford, of Watertown, to Miss Ruth A. Ford.

At Newburyport, by Rev Mr. Vermilye, Mr. Sylvester Potter, of Oregon, Ill., to Miss Mary E. Niles.

At New Bedford, by Rev. Mr. Craig, Mr. Paul J. Gifford to Miss Ellen G. Eastham.

At Brooklyn, N. Y. by Rev. R. S. Storrs, Jr., Mr. Samuel R. Smith, of Boston, Mass., to Mrs. Eliza A. Langley.

Deaths.

In this city, Mrs. Deborah D., widow of Mr. Daniel Oakes, a revolutionary pensioner, 82; Mrs. Lydia Plant, of Southington, Conn.; Mrs. Frances Richards, 36; Mr. Charles H. Stuart, 23; Mrs. Eliza Kingsbury Stone, 65; Mr. N. F. Dalrymple, 22; Mrs. Eliza A. Swan, 49; Mrs. Edward Reardon, 22.

At Charlestown, Robert Knox, Esq., U.S.N., 86; Mr. Joseph Underwood, 75; Miss Margaret J. Clary, 34.

At Roxbury, Mrs. Sarah Hazlett, 80.

At Chelsea, Mr. Elijah Hewes, 42.

At Cambridgeport, Mr. George P. Cooper, 38.

At Winthrop, Mrs. Nancy Tewksbury, 67.

At Somerville, Widow Hannah Barnes.

At Malden, Mrs. Harriet, wife of John Augustus, Esq.

At Newton Centre, Mr. John E. Billings, 46.

At Waltham, Col John Wilson, 55.

At Quincy, Miss Louisa Deborah Bigelow, 16.

At Lynn, Mr. William Henry Abbott, 36.

At Salem, Mrs. Ann Logue, 23.

At Danvers, Mrs. Mary F. Raymond, 21.

At Gloucester, Mrs. Clara Elwell, 41.

At Newburyport, Miss Abby Ann Leonard, 27; Mrs. Eunice Holiday, 80; Mrs. Eliza D. Ransom, 24.

At Newbury, Miss Rebecca Noyes, 88.

At New Bedford, Miss Angeline Brown, 20; Mr. George W. Hathaway, 22.

At Springfield, Mrs. Jemima Stevens, 75; Mrs. Aurelia Harting, 85.

At South Dartmouth, Mr. Giles Almy, 25; Mr. Richard S. Sears, 21.

At Northampton, Mr. Clark Searl, 82; Mr. Jabez French, 62; Mr. James L. Clark, 57.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

ALICE.

BY WILLIS E. PABOR.

A song for the ear of my Alice,
A melody fragrant with rhyme!
O bring me the Heliconchalice,
And chant me some musical chime,
And then, for my beautiful Alice
I'll gather the blossoms of rhyme.

The meadow is fragrant of clover,
The woodland is vocal with birds;
Each valley has many a lover,
Saying over the sweetest of words;
And I?—I no more am a rover,
Any more than the dove is—of birds.

I have gathered the pearl shells of ocean;
But never could win me a pearl
More worthy of lover devotion
Than Alice, the beautiful girl;
Who kindles such wondrous emotion,
And sets many hearts in a whirl.

On the portcullis guarding love's place
For a season of doubt I must wait;
But meanwhile I sip from love's chalice
With spirit by hope made elate;
For soon, hand in hand with sweet Alice
I will walk through love's magical gate.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

HOME IS WHERE THE HEART IS.

BY EMMA CARRA.

"How poor and contemptible everything looks here!" said Mrs. Aldrich, as she entered the parlor just as Margaret had lit the small astral and placed it on the centre-table amid her husband's evening papers; and the wife untied her fashionable little hat, complained of the heat of ribbon, feathers and flowers, and gave it a nervous toss upon the plain sofa in the back part of the room. Then laying off her furs and cape in much the same manner, she drew a little nearer her husband and stood looking at him fixedly, with an expression it were hard for a stranger to define.

Mr. Aldrich had not yet looked up or spoken since the entrance of his wife, but he felt the red tide ebbing and flowing from his temples downward, and then speedily returning.

"Have you lost your tongue, Cyrus?" said his wife, pettishly after a pause.

Another pause, and then Mr. Aldrich said in a similar tone: "You have been to call on Mrs. Garland, I suppose."

"Yes, I have," returned the wife, without abating anything of her unhappy manner.

"And I suppose she has got some new article of furniture in her parlor, or maybe, a new pair of Congress boots," continued the husband, sarcastically, and crumpling his paper in his hand, and then throwing it upon the table.

"You are the most provoking man I ever saw," said Mrs. Aldrich, with a defiant air, crushing back her tears. "You not only keep your family cooped up here in this little house, furnished almost as cheap as a day laborer's; but if I ever try to remonstrate with you, or wish to convince you that we ought to live in more style in order to be respected, you always insult me by some such provoking manners. I declare I do think it is too bad. You wouldn't catch Mr. Garland to do so, no, not he; he always buys his wife and children everything they ask for. Why, since I was in there before, which was only a little over a week, he has bought her a new pair of candelabras worth fifty dollars, and a pair of pictures for the parlor that cost one hundred dollars each. I declare I do think it is a shame that I can never have anything like other folks. If I want a picture, I have to get a plain pine frame, and have it covered with pine cones or shells, or else the walls would have to go bare till doomsday!"

Mr. Aldrich sprang from his chair, as if aroused by the buzzing of hornets in his vicinity, and with a nervous toss he sent it against the wall with such force that it brought a large, shell-decorated picture to the floor, and the fragile ornaments lay in every direction about the carpet. Mrs. Aldrich could restrain her tears no longer, but they were tears of passion; although she well knew that her husband did not intend to destroy the frame, she wished to make him believe she thought so, and the scene ended by the husband grasping his hat and rushing from the house to his counting-room.

"Don't cry, ma," said little Newell, a boy of seven years, now for the first time leaving his ottoman, and coming forward and putting his arms around her neck; "father did not mean to do it. I will pick up all the shells, and to-morrow I will go to the store and get you some glue, and then you can mend it as nice as ever."

At first Mrs. Aldrich half pushed the child from her, and the order nearly escaped her lips for him to go to bed; but his words of sympathy were spoken so unobtrusively, and his little dimpled cheek seemed to cool the fever of her own, that she hesitated a moment, and then drew him nearer, saying:

"Do you love me?"

"Yes," answered the child.

"And do you love pa?"

"Yes."

"Just as much as you do me?"

For a moment he hesitated, and then turning his mild, but firm blue eyes full into her face, he answered:

"Yes, ma, for I think pa is a good man. Before you came in to-night, he took me and sister Emma on his knees and trotted us, and said that to-morrow afternoon he was going to take you and us to the Museum, and I was just going to tell you when you came in, but I didn't have a chance; and besides, pa looked so different from what he did when he was talking to us, that I didn't feel like saying anything."

A sudden change seemed to come over Mrs. Aldrich's thoughts and feelings, for she almost immediately dried her tears, gave the little soother a kiss on each cheek, and then gave a gentle ring to the little bell on the table for Margaret to go with the children to their chamber.

When the wife and mother was alone, she sat some time absorbed in thought. Her reflections were not the most pleasant, if her face was a true index to her heart, for it changed alternately from white to red with no smile to enliven it. Then rising, she gathered up the shells that had escaped from the frame, laid them away, and closed and locked the door that led from the parlor. Half reclining upon the sofa, she glanced around the room and scanned the carpet and each piece of furniture within that pleasant little domestic resort. She compared the small plain but pliably cushioned sofa, on which she was sitting, with Mrs. Garland's large and elaborately carved one, and her plain, ingrain carpet to her rich acquaintance's tapestry, and her little astral to the new fifty-dollar candelabra—and then she broke into this soliloquy:

"I wish Cyrus were rich, and then I could live in a brick block, and have a silk velvet cloak and my house furnished to my mind; for husband is always generous when he has money to spare, I know. But half the time, when I ask him for money now, he says: 'Why, Delia, I should be glad to let you have money, but you know that I must look out for my business; it costs a great deal to live, even if we do live plain, and if I should let my purse go over to furnish you with luxuries now, by-and-by you and the children would have to lack for the necessaries of life.' I suppose this is all true, but it makes me mad to think we are not as well off as Mr. Garland's family. I know we are not poor—absolutely *poor*—but that is not enough for me; I want to be rich, live in a large brick block, and have my house furnished with velvet carpets, hundred-dollar pictures, and carved rosewood furniture, with marble-topped tables and mantels. Heigho! I begin to believe that Cyrus is not my affinity, as the spiritualists say; but after all, I am sorry I entered in such a bluster, but I couldn't help it, for when I opened the door, there was such a contrast between Mrs. Garland's great palace of a parlor, all lit up with gas, and this with just that astral burning!"

And then the discontented wife relapsed into thought again, but in a few moments added:

"I believe it was unfortunate that I made the acquaintance of Mr. Garland's family, for somehow I never do feel so happy after visiting her as I do after calling on or passing an afternoon with Mrs. Drury. To be sure, she is furnished rather better than I am, but she don't try to display everything as Mrs. Garland does, and if I look sad, or speak of the contrast between us, she has such a way of saying—'Why, la, Mrs. Aldrich, when I had been married no longer than you have, if my husband had been able to live in his own house, supposing it was small or built of wood, and in the fall of the year laid in stores by the barrel, and had the coal bin heaped, I guess there would have been no complaint from me. You must recollect that we are older than you are, and it is only a few years since we have been able to indulge in luxuries!" Somehow or other I never feel cross when I come home from there.

"Well, I guess I will not call on Mrs. Garland again; but if she asks me what excuse can I make, I should be ashamed to tell her the real one—and besides, it is pleasant to have rich acquaintances to visit with to polish off the given you an air of respectability that makes the more common people feel that you don't reckon yourself one of them. But O dear! I am very unhappy. I wish Cyrus would come; I don't believe I will ever talk to him again as I did this evening."

Another hour passed away, and still Mrs. Aldrich sat in her parlor alone. Yes, another and another, till the astral began to burn dim, and the fire in the grate died out. The book trembled in the wife's hand; she could no longer read, and going to the window, she looked out into the frosty air and thick darkness. But she saw no familiar form approaching, nor heard the wished-for step on the pavement. Her heart almost died within her, and most bitterly did she reproach herself for having said so many words that ought never to have been spoken; but it was too late to recall them, and for this reason, she had spent the evening—ay, almost the night—alone. But the room was getting too chilly to remain longer in it without a fire; so the lonely wife took her way silently to her chamber.

"I never knew Cyrus to stay out so late without giving me warning of it before he went," said Mrs. Aldrich. "I don't think that business can detain him, for it is plain by the pile of papers that lie on the table, that he intended to remain at home this evening. It seems to me that the older he grows, the more easily he is irritated. Why, once I might have said more than I did to night, and in a few moments after, he would be as pleasant as ever and stay at home all the evening with me."

Could it be possible that Mrs. Aldrich's insight was so defective that she could not comprehend the cause of her husband's having constantly irritated will ruin the most pliant temper, especially if that source of unhappiness comes from one who should love and encourage us in our efforts?

The Old South clock rang out the hour of midnight, and still the wife was alone! She sprang from her couch, and once more peered from the window into the darkness without; but the muffled forms of the watchmen were all of life that met her gaze, and returning to her bed, she buried her face in the pillows and wept. They were not tears of pride or anger now, but of remorse! A moment more, and the night-key clicked in the lock and Mrs. Aldrich heard the well-known step of her husband. A thrill of joy gushed up from the depths of her heart, and her first impulse was to rush to the door to meet him; but her unhappy pride was paramount again, now that she knew he had returned safe, though for a few hours back it had remained dormant, so when he opened the chamber-door, she smothered her kindlier feelings and pretended to be sleeping. Mr. Aldrich silently prepared himself for his couch, and then pressed his head to his pillow—but not to sleep! No, he was thinking of the change that had come over her who was lying by his side so soundly sleeping now, for he did not imagine that her sleep was feigned.

"Yes," he said, mentally, "it is plain that Delia no longer loves me as of old, when I brought her to the city a bride; she has transferred that love to other objects—to wealth and show. I indulge her all I am able to, but I must not make myself bankrupt and ruin my reputation by gratifying her is extravagance that I am not able to maintain. I have often tried to reason with her, to urge her to be contented to live within our income, but it is all to no purpose; she only charges me with being parsimonious and points out the great indulgencies of other men to their families. I can stand it no longer; I must have a happy home or none. To me the spot where dwell my wife and children must be a heaven or its opposite. I do not believe in a medium of happiness in domestic life between two who have sworn at the altar to love and cherish each other as long as life shall remain. There must be one of two things between Delia and me—love or hate; I sometimes fear the latter is just approaching, for I cannot endure these daily bickerings. I must love or hate—it is my nature."

And then the husband tried to compose his mind to sleep; but it seemed as if his brain were on fire, as thought after thought rushed through it.

"Poor children!" he mentally uttered; "it will be a bitter lesson to them, but still it shall be done. There is no greater boon to man on this wide earth than a happy home; to win it, some have faced even death; so I will not falter in the plan I have marked out to-night. If I succeed, she shall see me again; but if I fail, she shall—I must not speak it—it would unman me."

Could the wife have read the thoughts of the husband, as he pressed the heated pillow, how quickly would she have acknowledged that she had been in the wrong, and henceforth no love of idle show should make her forget the love she owed to him. But she could not; so she judged that the morrow would make all calm again, as it had often done before, and in the future she would be more guarded in her speech. She still feigned sleep, as he tossed from side to side; sometimes she half unclosed her lips to speak, but then she recollected how abruptly he left her in the evening, and how long he stayed away; so she continued silent.

Scarcely had gray morning dawned, when Mr. Aldrich arose and again sought his counting-room, from which he did not return until after the children had gone to school. Delia had spent the morning very unhappily, and more than once she half resolved to tell her husband of her decision; but when he entered, her thoughts died away.

"Delia," said Mr. Aldrich, pleasantly, and approaching the side of his wife as she sat on the sofa, "you know that you have often spoken of my going to California, and thought I would do a great deal better there than here."

"Yes," returned the wife, with surprise pictured in every feature; but you—you—"

"Well, I have been thinking it all over, and I have made up my mind to go. I am not able to enlarge my business here, and with my present income, I cannot live in the style you wish; so perhaps if I spend a few years there, I shall have plenty to meet your every want."

Mrs. Aldrich felt a chill creeping through every vein, and it seemed to half congeal her life-blood; and yet she had not the courage to firmly oppose her husband's going, for in her anxiety to obtain wealth, she had often urged him to do so—yes, and when he spoke discouragingly, she had taunted him with his lack of fortitude as the cause of his not succeeding more rapidly in his efforts to make a fortune; but now what would she not have given if she could but recall the past! And yet she was too proud or stubborn to say so, for she feared that if he should not succeed in the future, he would remind her of his present intentions, and that she thwarted him when he would have sought for gold where she had previously begged him to go.

The husband did not appear to notice his wife's confused manner, but told her that the evening previous he had arranged his business by selling out to his partner, Mr. Noyes.

"You will have no rent to pay, Delia," said he, "nor furniture to buy; therefore, as your expenses will not be very great, I have deposited five hundred dollars in the ——— Bank for your immediate wants, and of course before that is gone, I shall be able to send you more."

Mrs. Aldrich could not speak; there was a choking sensation about her throat that prevented her utterance. So her husband went on stating that he should have been able to let her have more, but that he had drawn largely on the firm within a few months, to make the last payment on his house, and that in selling out, his partner had assumed all the debts and allowed him a certain sum, from which he had extracted five hundred dollars for her. The rest was to defray his own expenses on his journey, and support him when arrived in California until he could determine in what manner he could best turn his time into gold.

From that hour there seemed to steal over the ambitious Mrs. Aldrich a kind of apathy; she wandered from room to room, collecting various articles of apparel that her husband wished to take with him, and said but little to any one.

The husband did not wait for great preparations, and in twenty-four hours after he informed his wife of his determination, he pressed his children to his bosom, while he with difficulty restrained the tears that dimmed his vision.

"Take good care of the children, Delia, and of yourself too," he said, as with a blanched cheek he extended his hand, and touched his lips to her forehead. It was an icy cold hand that the husband grasped, and the pallor of death rested on her features for a moment; she could not speak, but with a groan she sank back on the sofa,—present objects became indistinct, and when she was once more conscious, the room was vacant save the forms of her children.

"O, my God!" she half shrieked, "what have I done!" Then snatching her bonnet and shawl from the table, she rushed from the house in search of the absent one; but she was too late, for she was informed by his former partner that a half hour previous he had left his native city, and by the aid of steam he would in a few hours take the steamer at New York for the land of shining ore.

We will not attempt to portray the remorse and misery of that unhappy wife, nor how the splendor of Mrs. Garland's parlor and all the ostentation of wealth faded away into nothingness when compared with the worth and society of him who had gone, perhaps forever; for, thought Mrs. Aldrich, there are a hundred ways in which death may overtake him, and he die far away from those who should watch over him in the hour of peril.

It was many weeks ere the wife and mother gained sufficient composure to take cognizance of her household duties, and when she did, the thought was prominent that she must economize all in her power, as it might be long before her husband would be able to send her money, or perhaps never, and with agony of mind too deep for expression, the thought inserted itself—the time may yet come when the children will be dependent on my daily exertions for bread;—and now commenced a rigid economy in the once happy home of the merchant. If such frugality as that had been practised a few years back, the industrious business man might now have owned a large house, and been happy and prosperous in his affairs.

Among the first acts of economizing, was the dismissal of Margaret, and the keeping of but one fire during the inclement season. When spring came, various garments which would have been cast aside had the husband been at home, were now remodelled for the children, and *retrenchthe expense* was the motto at all times. But in spite of all, the five hundred dollars rapidly diminished, and Mrs. Aldrich began to look about her for some means of industry, whereby its spending might be prolonged, but every avenue to labor seemed to be choked with applicants. As time passed, the wife's cares increased as her means diminished. Bitter were the tears of contrition she shed, and most solemnly but silently did she vow that if he ever returned, that no murmur should ever escape her lips in future.

Six months sped by, and once only had she heard from her husband, and then the letter came sealed, but in a package directed to Mr. Noyes, by whom she was informed that he would see to forwarding her letters to her husband. Eagerly did the wife break the seal, but she met with nothing to encourage her; he had been sick, business was very dull, and he was not able to go to the mines. The wife no longer cared for gold, and when she answered that letter, and told him so, begging him to return, from her heart she felt what she wrote; but her words did not bring back her husband. He wrote to her, saying that as he had left home for the purpose of amassing wealth, he could not bear to return without it, especially as he had no business to come to, having sold out at a sacrifice; enclosed was a draft for the amount of money, which he requested her to do the best she could with, and hope on, while he would do the same.

Nearly two years went by, during which time Mrs. Aldrich's means were all exhausted, and unceasing care and anxiety had begun to make inroads on her health. Never since her husband's departure had a chill ceased calls with Mrs. Garland, for she feared to do so, lest it should bring to her mind too vividly that last fatal call. And now came a letter that her husband was about to return immediately, but he stated he had been disappointed in his search for gold, and that if he came, she must receive him penniless. Mrs. Aldrich's heart was too full of joy at the prospect that he whom she loved was about to return, to give a thought to gold, for she knew that while her husband had health, and was near her, she nor the children would ever again know want.

A month more, and the arms of the pale, careworn wife were clasped around the neck of her husband, who had changed was the once proud, ambitious man! All the love of her bridal days returned to the fond heart that was ready to receive her.

"The fault was mine," said the wife, "I see it all now; for your protracted absence and my sufferings have made me look upon life as it is, not as I would have it."

"And can you be happy now, Delia," said the husband, clasping her in his arms, "in the humble home that I must from necessity provide for you?"

"Home is where the heart is," replied the wife. "I can be happy anywhere now, give me but you and the children."

"God bless you, dearest!" answered the husband; and from that time there was no more repining in the home of the returned merchant.

For several days Mr. Aldrich remained within his home, and then he said to his wife:

"I must not be idle any longer, and yet I hardly know what to do, unless Mr. Noyes, my former partner, will admit me again as one of the firm."

"I would ask him," replied Mrs. Aldrich.

"But what can I do without capital?"

"True," said the wife, despondingly.

A few days later, the husband returned after a short absence, and told his wife that he was again the partner of Mr. Noyes, but on such terms that he should still have to live very economically. To this she made no objection, and thus another year rolled by, each day seeming to bring new joys to the united family.

"Delia," said Mr. Aldrich one day, entering his home hurriedly, "I have business at the south end in the suburbs of the city, would you like to take a ride with me?"

"I should," replied the wife, every feature lit up with joy; and soon a carriage was at the door, into which the family entered, and the spirited animal attached soon bore them rapidly away.

"How do you like that gothic cottage, with its extensive garden and front yard, Delia?" said the husband, as they came opposite a large and handsome modern building of ancient architecture.

"O, it is beautiful," Mrs. Aldrich answered.

"Well, let us stop and make a call; I am acquainted with the owner of this place."

The wife made no objection, and in answer to the merchant's summons, Margaret, Mrs. Aldrich's former servant, came to the door.

"I'm right glad to see ye, ma'am," said she to her previous mistress, "and it's a fine place ye have here."

As Mrs. Aldrich entered the large parlor, and saw the rich drapery at the windows, the velvet carpet on the floor, and the elegantly carved cabinet ware all looking so new, and no mistress to receive her, she drew nearer her husband's side, saying, "There is something strange in this; you never told me before that you were acquainted with a family in this vicinity. But where is the mistress of this splendid home?"

"Here," said Mr. Aldrich, encircling her waist; and then bidding Margaret show the children the chambers, he requested her to be seated. But the wife stood in silence like one trying to awake from a dream.

Had the sea yielded its treasures from its unfathomed depths, she could scarcely have been more surprised, and it was some time ere her husband could make her comprehend that he was the owner of the cottage and adjacent grounds. We will not stop to depict her surprise, or repeat the words she spoke when she learned the particulars of the purchase.

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I give you my chance—if greater the same—
For only the praises of kindred and friends.

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Welcome then to its blast, and the pleasure it sends;
My wishes are composed when simply I hear
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Light may be to the feet, but not warmth to the heart,
In the northern acorns of fame that ascends;
Take joy in that light as you can—be my part
By the home-hearth a glow with the praises of friends.

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Time passed on, some fifteen years. Leppo had attained the perfection of his manhood, at best, a disgusting, lazy creature, the greatest stretch of whose intellect was the device of a cunning theft, and of whose bodily powers a wrestle with some one a little smaller. The girls of Reggio were a corresponding set, although it must be confessed that they far excelled the men, who were generally inferior to Leppo, if that were possible. From these it could hardly be expected that Onona would gather any good. Indeed, she went little among them, for Grill, who was not an islander, but had been a maid in some great family on the main land, taught her many milder things at home in the cottage, and with some natural instinct, she seldom consorted with them in her rambles, but spent long, solitary days in the wood on the mountain, returning at nightfall to be scolded by all three of this royal family of Reggio.

An Italian ship had been wrecked on the island, some years before, and a box of books had been Onona's share of the spoil; these, the priest of a neighboring island, to which she frequently rowed alone, taught her at odd moments to read, and thus when she might have attained her seventeenth year, she had a store of learning, incongruous and unconnected, to be sure, but infinitely more than was known by any around her; and while eclipsing the fishers and their wives in intellect, she cultivated different tastes and had become an altogether different being from them.

At dusk, when having set torches in the niches of the rocks, these wild girls and their tatterdemalion lovers danced rudely on the shore, the waves breaking round their feet and the winds tossing their long, coarse, black hair, Onona sat on a cliff above, alternately watching their fiery, half savage movements, and the dark, restless sea hurrying in long swells from the distant lights of the fishing boats glancing up and down on the horizon. Their glee fell strangely on her ear; she had become disgusted with them and thoroughly hated them. Of all the girls, she alone was without a lover, for since all knew of Lassa's designs for his son, no others would presume to approach her; Leppo, feeling secure, did not urge his claims, and from her haughty distance being unfamiliar with the Reggio damsels, they none of them dared hint that Leppo was her destined husband, and she still remained ignorant of it.

Restless and dissatisfied, she launched her boat in the wildest tempests and disappeared across the gray waste, amid the white wreaths of foam that hurtled over her, always returning drenched and safe at unexpected moments. Sometimes for days and nights together in warm, unclouded weather, she put forth and staid rocking on the sea; sometimes, they said, reaching the main land and mooring her boat there, she wandered up and down the shore, seeking some clues of her parentage, but if she met with any success, she kept it utterly to herself and endured the taunts at home with equanimity. The only thing she had condescended to learn of the fisher-girls was the touch of the rude ghittern that they played, and disdaining that made for her by Leppo, she herself constructed one of finer shape and neater instrumentation, to which she sang the wild seacoast songs with a strong, mellow voice whose sweetness and compass fully compensated for its want of cultivation, and this ghittern had become her constant companion.

One day, having been long at sea, she touched the main land and drew her skiff up a cove where no spray might touch the slender store of oatcakes, and departed on fresh wanderings along the Italian shores. It grew night while she walked, not the soft, lustrous night of the climate, but clouded over with the fierce *ponente* winds, which blew the sea up in gusty arches round her path. Battling with the elements she ran on, laughing and singing to herself, till at last, more and more weary, she hardly dragged herself along, still thinking to find some sheltered spot where she might pass the night and at dawn regain her boat.

The darkness had been impenetrable; all at once, turning an angle of the beach, she came upon a stack of buildings raised close at the water's edge, though, as she afterwards found, running back into woods and gardens. Other palaces she had skirted, their basements extending only into shallow water; this water she knew by its quiet, was too deep. Something also attracted her to the place; the great floods of light streaming out directly on her path, and the fragrance of the garden behind. She wandered up a sandy avenue, gaining the ilex trees and the great myrtles swaying in the wind; some sweet influence seemed to be at work at her heart, taming her into peace; the spray of a fountain, tossed out in a stream by the *ponente*, struck across her face, and at last she sat wearily down on a moss-bed at the feet of a marble Silence and unconsciously sunk asleep.

The wind had fallen when she awoke. A nightingale trilled from some thick shade; the fountain fell with a peaceful splash into the basin hard by; the roar of the sea was slumberous and sweet. A silver lamp shed its light into her eyes, and half rising, she saw a gentleman somewhat past the prime of life, gazing at her with a pitying, curious look, while a little in the rear, standing with folded arms, was a younger man, dark and handsome, smiling incredulously.

"Poor child!" said the elder, "in such a wind as this has been!"

"Your excellency will find her nothing but some Zingara," said the younger man, checking himself as he caught her large eyes fixed on him.

"Ah, well," was the response, "we'll have her taken care of to-night. I'm not often at home. When I am, I wish those more unfortunate than I to feel it. Besides, besides, Victor!" said he, with a sorrowful accent, as if the young man understood what he did not add.

"Yes, yes, indeed, my uncle," said Victor. "Truly, prince, Nanna will make her comfortable."

All this Onona heard as if in a dream, glancing from one to the other; something very natural struck her in the elder, but rising with dignity, she reverentially kissed his hand and turned away. As she went, Victor caught her hand and detained her; her eyes flashed instantly upon him, and she endeavored to snatch it away.

"Nay, signorina—" began he.

"Signor mocks me! Let me go!"

"It is his excellency's wish that you go to the house yonder with him."

"It is not my wish."

"But to please him, signorina—"

"Signorina again? You know I am no signorina—nothing but the friendless fisher-girl, Onona. You laugh at my misfortune!"

"Not I, in very truth! Onona? There is music in it. Prythee gratify an old man's wish; he fancies you like his young wife, the Princess Varazzo, who died of grief.

A different light sprung into Onona's face, and turning quickly, with her hand still in his, they followed the prince up the avenue, into the lofty entrance, where he consigned her into the housekeeping hands of Nanna, whence she shortly emerged, having undergone a bath and a change of raiment. Very well pleased with herself, but not liking the restraint, in a yellow silk gown and a wreath of scarlet honeysuckles, although her heavy hair had half fallen from its silver bodkin, rolling in auburn length over her white shoulders—she stepped along.

"The young lady," said Nanna, at the door of the drawing room, and there left her.

Onona entered at her ease, and advanced to the prince.

"You are very kind," said she, "but I do not desire this dress, and I wish to go back."

Victor was looking at her in astonished admiration as she spoke.

"O my God!" said the prince, "how like—how like! Is it possible there can be such another? Tell me, child—who are you?"

"No one. My name is Onona. I have lived with the fishers of Reggio fifteen years, but I am no child of theirs."

The old man sprang up.

"And have you nothing by which you may be recognized?" cried he.

"Nothing but the clothes which I wore when found."

"Fifteen years ago?" said he. "Victor—fifteen years ago we lost my child; if I found her you would lose much, my nephew—you would be no longer my sole heir."

"My uncle, I should lose all, with joy, in that event!" said the young man, with eager eyes.

"Onona, too. The very baby name of our own little Elena. Child, sit here by me and tell me all your life."

Onona did as she was bidden, and having concluded, the prince took her hand and conducted her to her chamber without a word, and then paced the floor restlessly the few hours that remained till daylight.

The next day, when Onona would have gone, she found it impossible, for both the prince and his nephew, Signor Victor, quietly forbade it; and for two weeks she staid with them in the palace, delighted and delighting, the old Nanna, who firmly believed what the prince hardly dared yet eagerly desired to hope.

Callers, dropping in at luncheon, beheld this beautiful girl, and saw with what deference both Varazzo and his nephew treated her, and it was singular to see with what graceful ease and becoming assurance she received them. The education, which she might be said to have given herself, now advantageously sat on her; she found her knowledge quite equal to that of most Italian ladies, and her freedom from the coarse vulgarity of the Reggio girls at once placed her on an equality with the prince's visitors. The fortnight lengthened to a month, and at last she authoritatively declared that she must leave them.

"But, my child," still urged the prince, whose parental fondness could not bear to lose her, "even if not by blood, I can make you so by law; you will allow me to adopt you?"

"I must go, your highness. Let me obtain the clothing that I wore, and then I will return."

"My own little Elena," said the prince, "wore some white garment, wrought with gay-colored flosses, I think—did she not, Nanna?"

"O most certainly, blessed mother!" cried Nanna, who was passing through the room, "that ever I suffered her—"

"Hush!—hush! There were several gold chains here and there about her dress, and the basket in which Nanna dandled her was of elastic cords and crimson wool. And my sweet wife died with grief at the loss of her!" he added, bitterly.

"Signor, I have never seen those articles. I will bring them back with me, if they answer your description."

"And if not, Onona?"

"Then, signor, I am not your child, and shall never come here again."

"And can you desert us thus, when you see how I love you as my own daughter?"

"No, no!" said she, with tears. "But you may find your own, and I cannot infringe another's rights; and I cannot rob Signor Victor!"

"I shall accompany you!" said Victor, in short, quick sentences. "You shall not escape us thus. Then you *must* return. You must return with *me*, Onona!"

"By no means. I had best go alone. They may resist, and I can get them easily alone."

As she ceased speaking, a dark face flashed across the lattice where she stood, and very plainly she saw Leppo's evil bulk vanishing away in the darkness.

"Nevertheless, most peerless fisher-girl, I shall be there!" whispered Victor.

Nothing caring that Leppo had seen her there, and not thinking that he might have heard her words, Onona went away to don her old Reggio costume, and soon re-appeared with streaming hair, short skirt and sandalled feet, and her ghittern hanging on her shoulder; taking it off gaily, she touched the chords and sung her sweetest, airiest melody, kissed her hand to them and ran down the steps. They both followed her as quickly, and when she reached the cove into which she had drawn her skiff, they were both beside her. To her dismay, it lay shattered and broken by the storms that had intervened, or by the malice of some of the smugglers who infested the coast. The spirit that had never broken before, for a moment quailed, and with tears welling into the large, dark eyes, she stood disconsolate.

"Now it is impossible for you to go!" said Victor, triumphantly.

"O then I could never prove it!" she said.

"Prince Varazzo," returned Victor, gaily, "how much nearer is a daughter than a niece?"

It being however finally settled that Victor should row Onona over in the barge and await her desires there, they retraced their steps. What words passed on the barge, which certainly was a longer time than necessary in crossing, or with what conversation the hours were beguiled, it is not necessary for the historian to state; enough that the reddest roses were pale beside Onona's cheeks, and a strange, new happiness dwelt in her eye. The keel touched the sand.

"Farewell!" said Victor, detaining her a moment in his arms as he lifted her out; "I shall wait daily here at this sunset hour, for the miracle that transforms my fisher-girl into a princess! Light-fingered Zingara who stole spoons, as I thought you at first, I find you even more adroit than are your confreres, for you have stolen my heart!"

"Signor Victor may have it back when he wants it."

"Is it then of no value to you?"

Her lip quivered; he repeated the question.

"O cruel! how many times must I tell you!" she responded.

"Only once more, darling Onona!"

She was standing a step above him, on a stone; turning, she put both her little hands on his shoulder; a moment passed so quickly that I cannot really tell whether it was filled by an embrace or not, and she fled up the rocks and out of sight.

"Why, Onona, where hast been?" was the pleasanter greeting than usual from Grill, as she entered after over a month's absence.

Old Lassa made room for her beside him, while Leppo relieved her of her ghittern.—

"Leppo has already told you," said she, nonchalantly, thinking there was some meaning in this extraordinary kindness.

Various things having been said and done, Grill took a gold coin from her pocket and showed it to Onona.

"See it well, girl!" said she. "It is thy happiness."

"Did I have," began Onona, looking up at her.

"Didst thou have?" laughed Grill. "Have this? When, pray! No, no, my pretty lady, Leppo earned it at his fish, and to-morrow he goes to buy a table and chairs with it, and then thou wilt commence housekeeping."

"I?"

"Yes, thou—thou and Leppo," renewed Grill, chucking her under the chin.

"I and Leppo?"

"I and Leppo?" mocked Grill. "I should think thou'dst never heard of it before! Bless me, what innocence! But, then, it's good for a girl to be modest. Why, yes—thou and Leppo, when you are married, as you will be to-morrow evening, and the company are already bidden to dance on the sands by the shore, since there's not room in the house."

"*I*—married to Leppo? You are mistaken. I have no such intention. I am not going to marry Leppo."

"You are *not* going to marry Leppo, eh?" said Grill, with fiery eyes, placing her arms akimbo. "I should like to know *why* you are not. Let me tell you, young woman, you *are* going to, and that to-morrow evening, by the blessed virgin! You'll be made to, and help yourself if you can! You're too grand for us poor folk, are you, with your airs? We'll see—we'll see!"

And she lifted her hand to strike her, but Onona stepping back, surveyed her a moment with her dark, unshrinking eyes, and then turning on her heel, with a contemptuous laugh, she walked from the cottage. Leppo sprang to pull her back, but turning round the corner in the darkness, she eluded his observation, while he ran on hallooing and seeking her at a distance. Quietly composing herself in a bundle of straw lying there, she drew it over her, and when Leppo returned, after a vain search, sunk to sleep.

In the morning, early awake, she saw Leppo and his father, in smarter dress than ordinary, row away to the town for their purchases of chairs and tables, evidently believing that she, not daring to thwart them any more, would return; and Grill, having finished her household tasks, seek the fields to pick berries for the evening's entertainment. Rising cautiously, Onona entered the cottage and straightway sought the place where she knew Grill had her first garments carefully laid away. Her heart throbbed with expectation, and with difficulty in this moment of suspense could she command her trembling movements. There was not the least vestige of these things to be seen; neither in Grill's work-basket, nor in the chest of drawers, nor in any of the closets, nor behind the dresser; vainly she sought them throughout the whole house—they were not to be found. Standing full of amazement and despair, (for why, she thought instantaneously, should the prince believe that she was anything but an ambitious Reggio girl, if she failed to prove it otherwise, why should Victor honor her with the affluence of his love, if born vulgar and obscure?) a glitter beside the straw bed in the corner caught her eye. It might be straw; she stooped and pulled it out—it was a little gold chain. With vehement haste she opened the bed; the little basket described by the prince, lay folded, or rather crushed in among the straw, but the robes were not with them. A desperate thought seized her; if they hid the basket thus, why not the little robes in more unthought-of places? Grill's old red cloak, stuffed and lined, hung from a peg. Taking a pin, she unripped the lining; neatly laid and caught between was the white frock with its gaily wrought edge, and on one lappel was the delicately embroidered name, "*Elena da Varazzo.*" Securing it triumphantly, Onona pinned it round her waist beneath her bodice, then sewed up the bed and the cloak, and taking the basket, went down and hid it in the rocks.

When Grill came home, Onona sat playing with the pigeons on the doorstone, for she knew very well that should she attempt to hide, the whole community would turn out and find her. Evening came, and with it Leppo and Lassa; the latter smoothed her hair down with his rough palm, glad of the prospect of a princess for his daughter-in-law, and informed her of the difficulty they had encountered in bringing home her household furniture, on account of the smugglers in the bay, who, they feared, would seize them.

"I thought she'd come to her stomach," said Leppo, who was rather angry at the desertal on the previous night.

"Nonsense!" said Grill; "all girls are a little shy at first. I'm thinking it's time to go down; the room isn't big enough for all the folk here. Come, Onona, thou hast no trinkets on. Hasten, child!"

"You may go along," said Onona, rising; "I'll follow directly."

And having made a few preparations, they departed for the scene of the wedding. As soon as they were out of sight, Onona darted from the cottage, taking an opposite direction, and gaining the shore at another quarter, where she had hidden the basket, and where a barge, with its due complement of oarsmen, and with Victor in her stern, awaited her. The fishers had all assembled on the sand; the priest was there with his missal; the piper sat aloft; Leppo awaited his bride; the old folk leaned against the rocks, and the young men and maidens stood in laughing, expectant groups in the red light. All at once, the great barge, with its oars flashing and dripping gold, shot from the angles of the coast, swam an instant in their ken, and then silently floated away into the west.

That night, countless gold coins found on Lassa's table, placed him above want and labor, and in the situation of a millionaire to the rest of his fellows. But sailing steadily away into the heart of the red sunset, Onona had disappeared from their sight, whither they knew not. But Lassa was a rich man, and Onona was nevermore seen at Reggio.

Housewife's Department.

[Prepared expressly for The Flag of our Union.]

Potato Bread.

Peel and boil nice, mealy potatoes; as soon as done, pour off the water and mash finely; pour back the water in which they were boiled, and stir together; when cool add flour, to make a stiff batter, and yeast; let it stand till light; if in winter, over night. As soon as you can get warm water in the morning, add as much as you wish for your bread, then add flour till it is thick as you can stir with a pudding-stick; set it in a warm place, and by the time that breakfast is finished, it will probably do to make into loaves. Do not knead too stiff. Let it stand in pans till light. If Mexican potatoes are used, this makes beautifully-white bread. It makes very nice rolls or bunns also.

Cottage Pudding.

Rub a teaspoonful of cream-tartar in one pint of flour; dissolve two-thirds of a teaspoonful of soda in one cup of sweet milk add one cup of sugar, one egg, and a little salt. A rather quick oven. If set in the oven just as dinner is placed upon the table, it will be ready for the dessert. It is very nice. The sauce is, one pint of flour starch made in the usual way, one cup of butter, one of sugar; spice and flavor to suit fancy.

Excellent Johnny-Cake.

One quart sour milk, one quart meal, three eggs, tablespoonful melted butter, teaspoonful soda, and a little salt. If sweet milk is used, rub three teaspoonsful cream-tartar in the meal. It may be made without eggs, by adding another handful of meal. A table-spoonful of molasses may be added, or not, according to fancy. Beat it hard, and add the soda last; bake quickly.

Coffee.

The following mode of preparing coffee for breakfast is novel and excellent. For a small family take two ounces of ground coffee, place in a stew pan over the fire and stir it carefully until quite hot. Add a pint of *boiling* water, cover close for a few moments, and strain through a cloth and serve.

Herbs.

Motherwort tea is beyond doubt a harmless and effective tonic, and thoroughwort a wholesome purgative. Cammile is also justly in great favor as a tonic. These three herbs should be in every good housewife's possession, for immediate use in case of necessity.

Chilblains.

To cure chilblains, bathe the parts affected in the liquor in which potatoes are boiled, at as high a temperature as can be borne. On the first appearance of the ailment indicated by inflammation and irritation, this bath affords relief.

To kill Rats.

Take common cork and slice it as thin as a wafer, and fry it in the gravy of meat, but be careful not to burn it, and place it where it may be eaten, and rats will soon disappear. The cork on being swallowed swells, and thus destroys them.

A Breakfast Dish.

Melt a couple of ounces of butter in a frying pan; as soon as it gets quite hot put in half a dozen eggs, previously broken in a basin, seasoning with pepper and salt. On sending to table, squeeze a few drops of lemon juice over all.

Fruit Cake.

One cup of butter, two of sugar, four of flour, two eggs, one cup of sour milk or cream, a teaspoonful of cloves, tablespoonful of cinnamon, a nutmeg, one pound of fruit, and a teaspoonful of soda.

Astringent.

Alum whey made by mixing half a pound of pulverized alum with one pint of milk, strained and sweetened with loaf sugar, and seasoned with nutmeg, is excellent for diarrhœa.

Apricots.

When you have them in profusion, cut and dry them the same as apples. They are excellent for pies and puddings. A delicious liquor may be expressed from apricots

Yankee Pudding.

One pint scalded milk, one-half pint Indian meal, one tea-cup molasses, six sweet apples cut in small pieces; bake three hours. A delicious pudding is this.

Poppy Leaves.

An infusion of white poppy leaves for bathing weak eyes is excellent. Poppy leaves are also excellent to lay on the surface of poultices for healing purposes.

Antiseptic.

Lumps of charcoal laid about birds and meat will be very efficacious in keeping them sweet, but will not restore what has already become tainted.

Sponge Cakes.

Twelve eggs, one pound of flour, one of sugar, essence of lemon. Beat the sugar and yolks together, and the whites alone, and add the flour gradually.

Cottage Cake.

Half a cup of butter, two of sugar, three of flour, one of thick sour cream, a small teaspoonful of dissolved soda, the last thing; bake rather quickly.

Soft Gingerbread.

One cup of butter, two of molasses, one of milk, three and a half of flour, tablespoonful of ginger, teaspoonful of soda and salt.

Fritters.

One pint of milk, three eggs, teaspoonful of soda and salt; made rather thicker than griddle cakes.

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Poet's Corner.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

COME, LADY, COME!

BY "OLD PRECIOUS"

In the morning's fresh light,
Come, lady, come!
When the dew sparkles bright,
Come, lady, come!
The sunbeams are glancing from leaflet and spray,
Like airy forms dancing, both fairy and fay.
Nature revels in gladness—
Come, lady, come!
Then away with all sadness—
Come, lady, come!

The wild birds are singing,
Come, lady, come!
From their leafy bowers springing—
Come, lady, come!
The flowerets are gleaming through woodland and lea,
With rare beauty teeming, then come rove with me.
We'll pass the gay hours—
Come, lady, come!
Plucking life's flowers—
Come, lady, come!

FOREVER THINE.

Thine to-day and thine to-morrow;
Thine in joy and thine in sorrow;
Thine in sickness or in health;
Thine in poverty or wealth;
Thine—to part from thee?—no, never!
Thine, from whom no fate shall sever;
Thine, and thine only, and forever!
RICHARD COE.

DEVELOPMENT.

O stifle not the teachings of reality,
Nor chill the warm impulses of the mind.
And ne'er subdue thy generous aspirations free,
Nor check thy hopes by human love refined.
C. H. HAMMOND.

BEAUTY.

Angels were painted fair to look like you:
There's in you all that we believe in heaven—
Amazing brightness, Purity, and Truth,
Eternal joy, and everlasting Peace.—OTWAY.

Domestic Story Department.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE WEDDING AT GLEN CARROL.

BY WILLIAM B. OLIVER.

I STOPPED my horse in one of the loveliest yet wildest places in which the foot of man or animal had ever trodden. Long tangles of rich grass, growing rank and luxuriant, which the mower's scythe had never kissed, divided my admiration with the soft brown mosses that lovingly encircled the craggy rocks, or had lingered around the silvery brooks until they had become green. Little rivulets were sparkling up whenever a sunbeam came athwart the space between the huge pine trees, whose huge cones lie dry and crackling beneath them; and beyond lay the river, into which these little streams all ran and mingled their bright waters. Above the river, a mountain whose rocky sides were dripping with coolness from the fresh springs that gushed out from its sides, invited the foot passengers to ascend, but was inaccessible to a horse's feet. Wild vines, on which the grapes had not yet begun to grow purple, lay matted over the stunted trees that grew around; and within the depths of the forest, I could see the opening of a little cave, wherein one man might safely be hidden, if but a single branch of pine were thrown across its entrance.

I had seen all this before. Far back in my childhood's early days, I had gathered the purple grapes, and shook down the chestnut burrs in this very wood; had scrambled for the crimson, winter-green berry, and had drunk sweet water that was gushing from these very rocks. And the remembrance of dear and beloved companions rushed with tender force upon my mind, bringing to my view their forms and features, distinct as though only a day had intervened between our meeting and parting.

One memory, still tenderer and more beautiful than the rest, rested deepest in my heart. I looked across the little expanse of water that lay at my feet, and could almost see the tiny boat rocking like an egg shell upon its bosom, while the image of a little maiden in a blue frock seemed to stand on the opposite bank and call to me to come round and give her a sail under the soft moonlight.

For so had Miriam Vane stood and called, not a week before I had bidden a farewell to this sweet vale of Glen Carrol, and I had not waited for her bidding a second time. Once upon the water, I had sung to the little fairy the sweetest songs I knew, until the tears trembled in her blue eye, and she besought me to change the too tender strain.

And then she would sit down with me quietly on the bank, when we returned, and watch "the moon walking in brightness," until the evening dews fell too heavily on her sweet head, and I would walk with her to the little cottage where she dwelt alone with her old father.

Mr. Vane was a gentleman in the best sense of the word. In former days, he had been wealthy and prosperous; but one of those terrible reverses so common in our country, shattered his fortune, and threw him into a state of health that required the utmost care and freedom from excitement. From the wreck of his fortunes, he had saved enough honestly, to keep himself and child above want, and he chose this sequestered spot, where Nature showered her sweetest smiles in summer, and where he could gather enough to keep the wolf from the door in winter.

Mrs. Vane, haughty and sensitive, fell a sacrifice to the first rude blow over their home; and Miriam, scarcely above the age of childhood, with a delicate, yet not unhealthy organization, played the part of little housekeeper to her father, and performed nearly the whole of his household work. But it was work that seemed like mere pastime in her hands. She would drive home their only cow from the pasture, stopping at the roadside to gather wild flowers, and then make the golden butter into balls of waxen hardness; while Miriam's cream cheeses and bright, clear preserves were the admiration of all the country round. So dearly was she loved by all for her gentle ways, that the farmers' wives would gladly leave their own work, and come to assist in the regular fall and spring avocations of Miriam Vane.

To repay this, she would instruct their little ones in studies best suited to their mode of life. Altogether the girl's sweet youth was passing a thousand times happier than it would have done in the marble halls of her father's prosperous days.

Of a slight stature, with feet and hands like those of a fairy, soft blue eyes that beamed light and gladness upon all around them, hair like floss silk of a golden brown, and a complexion which the sun could not darken nor stain with a single freckle, Miriam Vane was the sweetest little maiden at sixteen that ever hung to the altered fortunes of a father.

In whatever the world might fail in esteem for Mr. Vane when he lost his abundant wealth, it was more than a thousand times repaid by the beautiful devotion of his daughter; and the still happy father gratefully acknowledged that Providence, in withdrawing *some* blessings, had mercifully left the last and best.

But the time had come when I must go out into the great world, to make, if possible, my mark among its dwellers. It needed a brave heart to go forth into its rocky pathways, and to keep the innocence for which, in those quiet dells, there was no temptation to meet. My father laid his hand gently upon my head, and besought me to keep the integrity which he had trusted I had as yet sustained, and my good mother wept long and bitterly upon my neck, and then bade me go in God's name, and return to her safe from the world's defacing stains.

And Miriam Vane! There was a parting too sacred for mortal ears to hear, a pressing of hands, and one long, lingering embrace, and ere I recovered from the painful thought that it might be our last parting, as it was our first, I found myself many miles on my journey.

It boots not now to tell how often the temptations which my father so feelingly deprecated were laid before me, nor how nearly I came to giving way before them. From all grossly sinful acts, my own sense quickly revolted, and from minor faults, the remembrance of an aged pair, and the sweet image of the loveliest maiden in the world, had power sufficient to deter me.

Still, as with Burns, it might have been said:

> "We partly know what has been *done*,
> But know not what's *resisted*."

Sweet Miriam Vane! I look back to those days, and think how my soul ever turned to thee pilgrim to his shrine—how often I have said of thee:

> "The dreams of other days depart,
> Thou shalt not be forgot;
> And never in the suppliant sigh
> Poured forth to Him who sways the sky,
> Shall mine own name be breathed on high,
> And thine remembered not!"

All my thoughts were directed to one point of time—that in which I should return, free from poverty and embarrassment, to spend a happy and cheerful life in my own dear native land, and with Miriam Vane as my guide, and making the downward path of our aged parents easy and lightly trodden.

Foot-sore and weary, I wandered through many lands. I trod the burning sands of India, and the rough mountains of northern climes; and ever as I trod, my spirit was in the vale of Glen Carrol, listening to music from the lips of sweet Miriam Vane.

I had few friends and no enemies that I knew of, save one, and he came to me at first in the guise of a friend. Aubyn St. Luke was my companion for months. He proved my worst foe; for, under false pretences of my death, he wooed and won my own Miriam.

And this was how the hateful deed was done. I had staid longer in Elsinore than I intended, and finding my business still unsettled, I concluded to remain a short time longer, rather than lose the vantage ground which I had already obtained. But a ship was sailing direct for home, and St. Luke was anxious to go. I gave him ample directions to find my people, and charged him to make the acquaintance of Miriam, and to tell her the thousand and one things which we always forget to write, because we have no questioner near to stir up remembrance within us.

The traitor to my friendship went—saw—and *was* conquered. He saw—not the timid, pensive, blushing maiden whom I had described, but a woman, noble, regal, a queen among the simple country people among whom her lot seemed so strangely cast, yet wearing her superiority so gently that all acknowledged her sway. He saw, and loved her so far as love could enter into such a treacherous heart, and before many weeks had gone by, he had invented the story of my death. My business dragged slowly, but as it was my last and forlorn hope of making the competence I desired, I still staid on.

And Miriam—in despair at my death, and agonized by her father's continual demands upon her strength and her nerves, was yielding to the vain hope that she might be happy once more; and in the anguish of a restless and disturbed spirit, had already accepted him who passed as mourning friend of the deceased Arthur Leigh.

And this was while I stood on the opposite bank of that same river where we had played in our childhood, and were betrothed in our youth. No doubt or misgiving of evil had come into my heart. I looked down the sunny slope that parted me from my queen, and fancied our meeting with emotion too big for tears.

I walked over the little bridge that spanned the distance. Mr. Vane's quiet and modest home lay nestled in among the pines, and I hastened towards it. I dared not go home first. I felt that Miriam's young life was almost secure from the approach of sickness and death, but who could count upon that of my aged parents?

I met one of those officious and news-loving beings of which there is one, at least, in every village, and, after the first surprise of seeing me—a surprise for which I could not in any degree account—was over, he sat down by the wayside, and wrung my soul with the miserable tale of St. Luke's double treachery, and Miriam's approaching marriage. I need not say that I was stung to the quick. I could not speak, but I motioned him to go on with his story.

A floating report of my death, of which no one seemed to know how it originated, had been borne to Miriam, through my perfidious friend. She had mourned and pined for months, and even now, was in a state little better. The news of her approaching marriage was also circulated by St. Luke, and my father and mother were so disgusted by her thus forgetting me, that they did not notice her at all.

I raved and fumed wildly, until my courteous informant besought me to remember that it would do no good, and offered to assist me in any plan I might think of to punish the offending St. Luke, towards whom he professed to have taken a most unaccountable dislike.

Even while we were talking, we saw a carriage driven towards the picturesque little church that stood midway on the hill opposite. The white horses, the floating ends of white ribbons that I could distinctly see from where we sat, the remembrance of the necessity for St. Luke to hasten in this matter before I could appear, all gave confirmation to my suspicions that this was the bridal cortege; and my officious, but well-meaning friend suggesting the same idea, we made a short cut across a corn-field, and arrived there before the carriage had begun to ascend the hill.

My old friend, the sexton of the church, was there, waiting for the bridal train. A few words in answer to his joyful surprise at seeing me, put him in full possession of the whole case, and he offered to delay proceedings as long as possible. By this time the minister had also arrived, and was led into our story.

Our good old minister had passed away in my absence, and his place was supplied by a young man whom I felt instinctively, as soon as I looked at his face, that I could trust; and I had just time to say a few words, as the carriage had finished toiling up the painful ascent.

What was to be done? Should I plant myself in the doorway, and face the entire party? or should I meet St. Luke in the vestry, to which the sexton agreed to conduct him, tax him with his treachery, and expose his baseness before the crowd which had now assembled to witness the ceremony?

Fortunately the village clerk was present, and a new certificate was instantly filled out by him, of his own accord. He was a mirthful, laughter-loving man, and with a suppressed chuckle at his own forethought, he whispered me that it would probably be wanted, and bade me put it in my own pocket for future use.

By this time, the bride's people had begun to walk up the aisle. The minister had taken his place behind the altar, and the assembly were rapidly finding seats. The sexton opened the doors of the little room behind the chancel, and beckoned in the bridal pair. I was sitting quietly opposite the entrance. I think St. Luke was somewhat surprised, but believing it to belong to the ceremony, he made no resistance.

But what a face met my view, as he turned his wild and distended eyes upon my own! The paleness—nay the absolute greyness of the death shadow seemed to steal over his whole countenance. I never saw a man look thus before. He staggered and would have fallen, had not the sexton caught him and forcibly placed him in a chair. He tried to make a rush towards me, with his hand uplifted as if to strike; but he let it fall powerless by his side on seeing my grave and unterrified look.

An officer of justice had been pointed out to me in the assembly, and I had secured his services also. He immediately took charge of St. Luke, who now sat writhing under the grasp of the man's hand upon his shoulder.

And how was Miriam all this time, which, however, was not half so long as I have been writing it? Standing by my side, holding her father's hand, and half leaning over me with a gleam of joy lighting up her pale, emaciated face and repeating constantly:

"I told you so, father! I told you that Arthur *could not* die and leave me to the mercy of that man! Arthur, he swore to me that he was with you when you died, and that your last words were for me to marry him."

"She speaks truly," said Mr. Vane, "believe me, dear Arthur, Miriam disliked this man, and it was with difficulty that she could be prevailed on to enter the carriage."

I looked at the old man, as he faltered out these words. The light of truth and sincerity was on his face, and the tears were in his aged eyes. He had loved me from a boy, and it was only because he had deemed it my dying wish, and because he feared that Miriam's life was fast dying out, that he had urged this sacrifice upon her, hoping that the new scenes to which St. Luke had promised to bear her, would restore her shattered health. No wonder that the villain had determined to leave Glen Carrol, before I could make my appearance!

Believing that St. Luke's deepest punishment would be to see me take the part in the bridal group which he expected to occupy himself, I directed the officer to bring him round where he could witness the ceremony, and feeling that there was no time like the present, to take Miriam under my protection, I produced the certificate, and after a few whispered words, in which she willingly acceded to my plan, I led her to the altar, where the young minister, his whole face beaming with the excitement which the affair had given him, seemed very happy to make us twain one.

Miriam was the bravest, most collected of the whole group, to outward appearance. Her emotions were too deep for show. She had been hunted—baited, to become the wife of St. Luke, while her whole soul was with me in death as in life—and had only passively yielded to the entreaties of her father, who believed her dying, and longed to have her leave Glen Carrol, as his last hope for her recovery.

She had gone through so much, that even the sight of me, sitting there, did not surprise nor agitate her. It had been impressed upon her, until within a few days, that I was still living; but as day wore on after day, and she heard nothing from me, she settled into the calmness of despair.

Words are inadequate to describe the expression of St. Luke's face, as we emerged from the vestry room, and took our place at the altar. I caught only a brief glimpse of it, and then my whole soul was absorbed in the sacred ceremony in which I was bearing so unexpected a part.

A strange-looking, travel-stained bridegroom I was, by the side of the pure looking being who stood there in the identical white dress which I had so often admired, and which she had no heart to replace by new bridal robes. But the look of fond reliance which she gave me, and the glad pressure with which she clung to my side, as I supported her through the ceremony, were proofs that she had not at least abated in affection towards me, and that thought repaid me for the sufferings of the last few hours.

"Drive to Mr. Leigh's," I said, as I entered the carriage after Miriam and her father; for I was impatient to see my dear old parents.

We found them sitting in gloom and despondency, for they, too, had mourned their only son as no longer in the land of the living. We saw them through the window as we drove up, and I accepted Mr. Vane's considerate offer of going in and breaking the joyful news that I was alive, and that they should see me soon. I saw their clasped hands, and heard their exclamations of thankfulness. They had felt rather hard towards Miriam and her father, on account of this marriage, and at first were rather cool when Mr. Vane entered the room, but now their arms were alternately about the neck of their dear old friend, for whom, previous to this unfortunate matter, they had entertained a sincere affection.

Gradually he unfolded to them the whole history of that eventful morning. Then there was a scene! one in which smiles, and tears, and embraces mingled together, and on which the angels might have looked with joy and gladness. For had not each of these aged ones found a son and a daughter at once? It seemed as if a whole lifetime of happiness had been crowded into this brief hour's space; and as if the three oldest actors in this short drama had suddenly taken out a new lease of life, so complete was the transformation from grief to happiness.

The next week I set seriously to work, to refit, enlarge and beautify the Gothic cottage at Glen Carrol, adding more rooms for the accommodation of my own parents. It is a little paradise now; and my Eve walks in beauty through its quiet woods, with a happy smile upon her face that tells of a joy that the world cannot give nor take away.

St. Luke escaped from durance by means of his servant. What country or clime maintains him and his villanies, we neither know nor care, satisfied that he will hardly deem it worth his while to practise them again at Glen Carrol.

Floral Department.

[Prepared expressly for The Flag of our Union.]

> Narcissi, the fairest of them all,
> Who gaze on thine eyes in the stream's recess,
> Till they die of their own dear loveliness.—SHELLEY.
>
> Ivy we twine of changeful green,
> Constant for ever in leaf and bough.—L. E. L.

The Passion Flower.
The leaves resemble the spear that pierced our Saviour's side; the tendrils—the cords that bound his hands, or the whips that scourged him; the ten petals—the apostles, Judas having betrayed, and Peter deserted; the pillars in the centre—the cross or tree; the stamina—the hammer; the style—the nails; the inner circle around the centre pillar—the crown of thorns; the radiance the glory; the white in the flower—the emblem of purity; and the blue—the type of heaven. On one species, the pasiflora alta, even drops of blood are seen upon the cross or tree. This flower continues three days open, and then disappears, thus denoting the resurrection.

The Hollyhock.
A European florist is said to have succeeded in producing twenty remarkable varieties of the hollyhock. It appears that from the seeds of a pink variety, he obtained plants with flowers of a delicate rose color, and which, in consequence of the extreme delicacy of their tints and regularity of form, were considered a good type for seed. In the following year, from the seeds of pink flowers, he obtained a brilliant sulphur-colored specimen, perfect in every respect. It is from the seeds of these two plants that he has procured all the other beautiful and remarkable varieties.

Vermin on Flowers.
Vermin, of whatever kind, are troublesome pests among flower-plants, often injuring the choicest specimens, besides being otherwise disagreeable. To get rid of them, scatter a little oatmeal where they abound, about sundown; and, by making a survey an hour later, a multitude of them will be found congregated together, when they may be gathered up and destroyed.

Hedge Plants.
For an ornamental hedge, the American arbor-vitæ is one of the most beautiful, as well as suitable plants, as it is comparatively easy to be transplanted, and bears shearing in any form. The hemlock, however, makes a handsomer screen, from its lively green, but the plants are harder to procure, and more difficult to transplant.

Strawberries.
This fruit requires a large quantity of water; and the great success of the London gardeners in raising such *large* strawberries, is mainly due to their system of irrigation. A moist soil is unquestionably best adapted to the cultivation of strawberries; but it is equally certain that stagnant water will injure or destroy the crop.

Seedlings.
The very finest seedlings are, after all, those which spring near the mother plant from self-sown seed; therefore, when you weed or dig your flower borders, be careful not to disturb any seedlings which may have sprung up. They always make strong, fine blooming plants.

Flowers in Rooms.
At this season of the year, and before fires are dispensed with, parlors are apt to be heated at least twenty degrees hotter than is necessary for the preservation of parlor plants, and as the heat decreases in the night, plants often get injured unless a fire is kept up.

Dry Bulbs.
Roots of Amaryllis, Gladiolus, Tuberoses and such other bulbs as may have been preserved dry through the winter, may now be planted in pots, and kept in a green-house or light room, or else plunged in a hot-bed.

Out-door Planting.
Persons who have no hot-beds, may delay the planting of sound bulbs until the weather will admit of their being planted in warm borders, on the south side of a house well supplied with manure.

Seeds.
If you grow your own seed, change every other year with your neighbors; flower seeds love change of soil, and will otherwise degenerate.

Jester's Picnic.

Children ask some curious questions. We have a little boy in "our house," who came home from Sabbath school one day, and meeting his mother, the following dialogue took place:
"Mama!"
"Well, my dear."
"Mama, the teacher says people are all made of dust."
"Yes, my dear, so the Bible says."
"Well, mama, are white people made of dust?"
"Yes."
"Well then, I 'spose *colored people are made of coal dust, aint they?*"

A gentleman was dining with a friend, when a most dreadful storm arose. The host insisted upon his guest's acceptance of a lodging for the night. The guest complied, but in a few minutes was missed from the parlor. In half an hour he re-appeared, drenched with rain.
"Where have you been?" asked the host, viewing the singular object, which looked like a dog about the paws, and a weeping-willow about the head.
"I?" said he, quietly shaking off the water—"I have been at home to tell my wife that, as it was such a bad night, I should not return."

As two gentlemen were passing up Washington Street last week, they met a young man, the son of Mr. B., a well known druggist at the South End. The young man bears a strong resemblance to his father—and as he passed the gentlemen, one of them said:
"Do you know that young man's name?"
"Yes," was the reply, "his name is B——."
"How do you know the fact?" asked the querist.
"Because," quickly retorted the other, "I can see his father's *liniments* in his face and features."

What Money does.—"Fanny, don't you think that Mr. Bold is a handsome man?"
"O, no—I can't endure his looks. He is homely enough."
"Well, he's fortunate, at all events; for an old aunt has just died and left him fifty thousand dollars."
"Indeed! is it true? Well, now I come to recollect, there is a certain noble air about him; and he has a fine eye—that can't be denied."

"What's that?" asked Mrs. Partington, looking up at the column on the Place Vendome, during her late visit to Paris.
"The pillar of Napoleon," was the answer.
"Well, I never did!" she exclaimed; "and that his pillow! He was a great man for to use that! But it's more like a bolster. And it's made of iron, I do believe! Ah, Iky, see what it is to be great! How hard his head must have rested on that ironical pillow!"

Do not imitate the old lady of whom it is related that she was in the habit of inculcating the duties of charity for her grandchildren after the following fashion:
"My dears, when I and your father and mother have finished our meals—when you have all eaten as much as you conveniently can—and when you have gorged the pig, three cats and the parrot—then, my dear children, remember the poor."

"Is Miss Blimkins at home!" asked Mr. Sanders of the Irish maid who answered his ring at the door.
"Yes, and b'lave she is, sir."
"Is she *engaged?*" inquired Mr. Sanders.
"*Engaged*, is it? faith an' I can't say, sir, but she kissed Mr. Vincent last evening as if she had never seen the likes of him, and it's *engaged* I b'lave they are, sir."

The judge interrupted Curran in the midst of his speech, when an ass began to bray under the window, by saying:
"One at a time, Mr Curran, if you please."
Presently the judge began his charge to the jury, and the ass began to bray again, and Mr. Curran remarked:
"Does not your lordship hear a remarkable *echo* in the court?"

A travelling journeyman, who liked better to beg than to labor, rang at the door of a house. The occupant opened the window and asked what he wanted. The fellow asked for money and received it. Whereupon the master of the house inquired:
"What trade do you drive?"
The man seized once more the handle of the bell, and said:
"I am a wire drawer."

"What a queer way Herr Von Ellenboken has of working his shoulders when he sings," remarked Pauline. "One would think he sang with them."
"That," remarked the doctor, "is because he is a *humerus* singer."
Poor Pauline!—it took her half a minute to resurrect from her school lessons the memory that *humerus* is Latin for shoulder.

An itinerant quack doctor in Texas, was applied to by one of Col. Hay's rangers to extract the iron point of an Indian arrow from his head; where it had been lodged for sometime.
"I cannot 'stract this, stranger," said the doctor; "bekase to do so would go nigh killing you; but I can give you a pill that will melt it in your head."

Mr. Dobbin, Secretary of the Navy, made a journey North about two years ago. When he reached Portland, Maine, the telegraph announced his arrival as "Sec'y Dobbin;" this was soon by another transmission changed to "Stacy's Dobbin;" then to "the Steamer Dobbin;" then to "Sarah Dobbin." By the time the Secretary reached home he hardly knew his own name.

"Pray, Miss, said a composer of music to a young lady whom he was courting, "what time do you prefer?"
"O," she replied, carelessly, "any time will do, but the quicker the better."
The gentleman took the hint and a wedding in quick time was the consequence.

Balzac sent to borrow 400 crowns of Volture. His brother wit wrote on the promissory note the servant put into his hands: "I, the underwriter, acknowledge myself debtor to M. Balzac, in the sum of eight hundred crowns, for the pleasure he did me in borrowing four hundred of me."

To make people smart all that's necessary is to throw them on their own resources. A wild turkey knows more in one moment than a tame one would dream of in a year, and all because he has to depend on his own ingenuity for safety rather than the ingenuity of a farmer.

Go to California—stay there twenty years—work hard—get money—save it—come home—bring with you a load of gold, and a diseased liver—visit your friends—make a will—provide for them all—then die; and what a prudent, generous, kind-hearted soul you will be!

An exchange paper says, that on a casual view of the world, it appears as if there were a great number of souls originally made and destined for human bodies, but that in the distribution of them some got three or four and some got none at all.

EPIGRAM.

"I saw him kiss your cheek." "'Tis true."
"O modesty!" "'Twas strictly kept.
He thought me asleep; at least I knew
He thought I thought he thought I slept."

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[Written for The

THE TIGER

THE WARRIOR P

A Story of M

BY LAWRENC

CHAPTER XIV.—[CONTINUED.]

Now let us return to Julian who had just ex cited such a keen emotion in the colonel's breas by speaking of an important message. Absence says a moralist, dissipates a transitory sentiment while it inflames a profound passion, as the win which extinguishes a candle, increases the ardo of a conflagration. Absence had produced in Don Rafael the effect of a gale on a fire; he was always hoping that Rosina would send him a message of pardon and love.

"Well, Julian," said the colonel, concealing his emotion as well as he could, "what have you to tell me? Have the insurgents seized on fortress?"

"O no, senor," replied Julian. "The men of our garrison are complaining of the quiet they enjoy. A little campaigning, which would give them the pillage of a rich hacienda would be welcome. And the news I bring your worship is of a nature to procure them that satisfaction."